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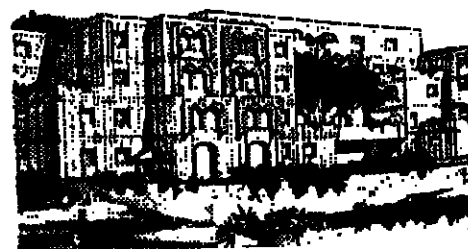
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**THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE**

Friday, December 7, 1984

Tsar Ivan on his march against the Khanat of Kazan, a sketch by Sergei Eisenstein for his film "Ivan the Terrible" (1942). An exhibition of drawings by Eisenstein opens at the Jerusalem Cinematheque on Sunday. See pages 8-9.



ALSO INSIDE:

High-tech troubles - the anatomy of Elscint - page 3
Should Arabs do national service? - page 5
Golan grapes produce a wine for connoisseurs - page 7
Hebrew curses and blessings - page 10
Book reviews - page 11-13
Gillon's Telereview, Nature - page 14
Marketing with Martha - page 15
and the Poster pullout: Cinema, Music, Dance, Art, Bridge, Chess and Scrabble, TV and radio listings

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THE JERUSALEM
POST
LOCAL
SUPPLEMENT

Friday, Dec. 7, 1984

IN JERUSALEM

FREE

\$1m. gift to finance hospice

Nomi Morris

A hospice for the terminally ill is to be established in Jerusalem as the result of a \$1 million donation to Hadassah Hospital, it was revealed this week.

At present Jerusalem, which has the largest elderly population in the country, does not have a facility designed for the needs of the dying.

The hospice will occupy the former home of Chaim Yaski, director-general of Hadassah, who was killed in the 1948 Mount Scopus ambush. The building, located in the hospital grounds, is to be renovated, and equipped with approximately 20 beds and other necessary medical services.

"It is hoped that the hospice will be operational within a year," said Dr. Shmuel Penchas, director-general of Hadassah. "Our goal is to create the best possible environment for the terminally ill elderly. The hospice will provide a comfortable atmosphere and the psychological help that is needed for their situation."

In a hospice, care concentrates on pain control and social services that will make the process of dying as easy as possible. Aggressive treatment, such as surgery and other attempts to cure the patient, are discontinued by this point.

The absence of a hospice in Jerusalem has become an acute problem, since keeping the terminally ill in regular hospitals deprives them of the kind of care they deserve, and immobilizes beds that could be used for curable patients.

The only hospice in Israel is located at Tel Hashomer.

In Jerusalem, any dying patients have been sent to the French Hospital run by the nuns of Notre Dame. "They serve patients with great devotion but there are obvious disadvantages for Jewish patients spending their last days in a Roman Catholic hospital," said Hadassah



Jack and Ina Kay (Exon)

official Ruth Mekel. "Furthermore it lacks certain support services such as psychotherapy," she said.

Penchas reported that the \$1 million endowment, along with funding from the Ministry of Health, will be enough to prepare and operate the hospice.

The money was donated by Jack and Ina Kay from Washington D.C. Kay's father Abe, an active supporter of the Hagana, was instrumental in the acquisition of the "Exodus" ship which brought 4,500 refugees from Germany to Haifa in 1947 and was turned back by the British.

Plans for the hospice are still in the preliminary stages.

Penchas said: "The concept for its operation is in the process of being worked out. People from Hadassah are learning from the hospice at Tel Hashomer and the French Hospital here. An expert from abroad has also been invited to speak to the head of social services."

Search for compromise

Tsipi Kuper

Residents of Har Nof are searching for a compromise between ultra-Orthodox demands to seal off the suburb on Shabbat and secular appeals to maintain their regular life-style. Secular residents say the roads are sometimes blocked with rocks and barrels on Friday nights.

The first families of Har Nof, on the western side of the city, moved in some six months ago. Of the 400 families already living there, fewer than 50 are secular. Most of the non-religious purchased their flats before Har Nof was slated as an Orthodox suburb in 1980.

Representatives of the local administration (*minhela*) and the neighbourhood council met recently with city councillor Eitan Meirik, who

holds the transport portfolio. The Committee for Shabbat Observance want Har Nof completely sealed off from traffic on Shabbat, while other religious elements want to find a solution acceptable to the secular minority.

The municipality wants the residents to find a compromise themselves.

In the meantime, architect Shlomo Eshkol has been listening to the demands of each side.

Adi Suda', who represents the secular residents, objects to any solution that is forced on them. "If the municipality decides to seal off the neighbourhood, it will be turning me into a refugee," he says. He and other secular residents are incensed because they bought their flats on the understanding that it was to be a mixed neighbourhood.

Victims tell of extremist terror

In Jerusalem staff

Victims of ultra-Orthodox violence met leading public figures and senior police officers in Jerusalem this week.

They included members of the Kovshi family, owners of the Turkish baths in the Bukharan Quarter; Dan Avihail, owner of a bakery near Kikar Shabbat; Dr. Uzi Ritta, who was injured by a stone thrown at his car on Shabbat and Yossi Dagan, of the Ramot neighbourhood committee, who was beaten up for driving his car on Shabbat.

The victims described in detail what they called their "persecution" by *haredi* extremists on the grounds that they were non-Orthodox, Shabbat desecrators, and responsible for "terrible immorality."

The cases described were only a few of 60 such incidents during the past year.

Aharon Kovshi said: "My daughters are afraid to go out on the street. They receive telephone threats warning that they will be slaughtered. Three times my car has been burned, three times our store in Geula has been set on fire, twice they have attacked the Turkish baths - and all this because the *haredim* want to take over the baths and buy them at a low price."

Nevertheless, said his wife Margalit Kovshi, they would not give in. "We live in a democratic country, and we have been charged with the totally unfounded claim that immoral activities go on in our baths. That is rubbish. Many religiously observant people come to our baths and know that this is nonsense."

Dan Avihail said that *haredim*

burned down his bakery "only because, as they claimed, the gathering of people late at night in the entrance to the bakery led to immorality. And what is this immorality? That men and women together are buying fresh rolls."

Dr. Uzi Ritta suffered a serious head injury from a stone thrown at him by a 14-year-old boy because he inadvertently drove into a street on which traffic is forbidden on Shabbat. He said that before this incident he never imagined that "such a pogrom by Jews against Jews could happen in Jerusalem - Israel's capital."

David Bergman, NRP member of the city council, vehemently denounced *haredi* violence. "Whoever sends children to throw stones on Shabbat and whoever thinks he is acting in the interests of heaven by stoning cars on Shabbat is making a bitter mistake. This is the diametric opposite of what the Halacha directs us to do."

Journalist Gad Lior, who chaired the conference, described the horrible treatment of two Jerusalem women.

One who is unwilling to sell her flat in Sanhedria to *haredim* has found dead cats left in the entrance and swastikas drawn on the house. The other said members of her family kept her in a locked room for 10 days and shaved her head when she turned away from orthodoxy.

At the end of the conference participants signed a petition addressed to the prime minister, the chief rabbis and to the ministers of the police and justice, calling on them "not to put up with any more attacks on property or lives of innocent citizens by *haredi* extremists."

The Cream of American Ice Cream

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New building next to Hamashbir

WIN
A TRIP
TO PARIS
with the
French Cultural
Centre
See p. 4

panache

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LIFE CONTINUES WITHOUT PANACHE LIFE CONTINUES

Underground veteran angered by film

Steve Leibowitz

In 1939 Ya'acov Eliav was involved in the bombing of the Rex Cinema in the centre of Jerusalem. Last week Eliav was in the downtown Orna Theatre, not to blow the place up, but to see a movie. The film was Avi Nesher's *The Rage and the Glory*, the story of Lehi (Stern Gang) operations in Jerusalem in 1942. Eliav was the Lehi operations commander in the city.

Perhaps no other individual alive today is in a better position to judge the historic accuracy of the film than is Eliav. Indeed, his personal account of the period, *Wanted*, a book published this year by Shengold, is a complete and forthright account of the same time period.

Eliav planned many anti-British actions. He robbed banks and threw grenades. He was critically wounded by British officers and twice caught and imprisoned.

How did the film compare to the reality? "Nesher came to see me, and it is clear that some aspects of the film relate to my book. Unfortun-



Ya'acov Eliav

ately he misinterprets the basic historic points. He made a 'shoot 'em up' gangster film. His characters are anti-ideological. That's not the way we were."

Eliav is angry at the portrayal of the main character, "Eddie the Butcher," played by actor Juliano Mer.

"No name like that existed in the underground. The members of Lehi were committed Zionists who viewed themselves as the vanguard of a Hebrew army of liberation."

Nesher shows us as nihilists and fascists."

But the romantic aspect, the falling in love of Lehi members portrayed by Roni Pinkovitch and Rona Fried may indeed be based on Eliav's personal story. He met his wife Hannah in the underground, and they married during a break from fighting the British.

Eliav's objection to the film is its portrayal of panic and fear among the Lehi members. "We were not afraid to die. We didn't draw our guns each time there was a knock at the door, like in the film. Actually we felt ourselves already living in the free Hebrew nation. The underground was a tight knit family. There were no deserters, no stoopidgions and no cowards. Only dedicated Hebrew fighters."

Eliav is currently developing an exhibition for the Israel Police for an upcoming congress on techniques for criminal identification and counter terrorism. He is also negotiating with United Studios for the production of a \$5 million feature film. In comparing the existing film with the one he hopes will be made he said, "This film was about gunslingers. Mine will be about Hebrew heroism."

Another victim



A cyclist lies injured after being knocked down by a car in Keren Hayesod Street. The driver of the car said he didn't see the cyclist who suffered head injuries. (Brian Handler)

Back to life at Beit Agron

Tsipi Kuper

The auditorium at Beit Agron, empty for three years since the Cinematheque moved home to Hebron Road, filled with life again this week.

The new 350-seat Beit Agron Cinema will be run as a multi-purpose hall with quality films, chamber music concerts, drama and discussion groups.

Amatzia Kaplan, who also owns Cinema One, Jerusalem's repertory movie-house, has gone "cultural." His new enterprise aims at capturing "the audience which doesn't go out to see quality performances."

The cinema opened on Saturday night with a screening of 1984, an adaptation of George Orwell's apocalyptic novel. Friday noon movies will begin today with Monty

Python's *And Now For Something Different*.

One screening of 1984 for high-schoolers next week will be followed by a debate on whether such a future is likely in 1985. Another event for high-schoolers - organized by the municipality - will be an open forum with Prime Minister Shimon Peres, later this month.

The cinema will have three performances daily and midnight movies will be shown twice weekly. After Hanukka the cinema promises another innovation - a quality movie at 10.30 p.m.

In January the auditorium will have a full schedule of concerts and dramatic productions. "We want to operate the place as much as possible," says Kaplan.

During the Hanukka school holidays there will be children's movies and puppet shows, produced by the Train Puppet Theatre, usually shown in Liberty Bell Garden.

Getting involved

Esther Hecht

Is there life after aliyah? To answer this question the Sharett Institute is offering a 15-week lecture series, *Invitation to Involvement*, for new immigrants and temporary residents in their twenties and thirties.

"To be integrated you have to be involved, and to be involved you have to understand," explains Zimrat Yardeni, coordinator of the programme for English speakers, which will include about 30 participants.

Starting on Wednesday, January 2, at 8 p.m., the course will consist of weekly lectures by experts on politics, economics, culture, values, the army and many other aspects of life in Israel. Two field trips related to the lecture topics are also planned.

A similar programme for French and Spanish speakers will also be held at the Sharett Institute, at 9 Al-Harizi Street, just behind the Jewish Agency building in Rehavia. The registration fee is nominal.

For details and registration phone Zimrat Yardeni, 630624 or 639718, 9-4 daily.

Steel sapper



This robot was used by police to neutralize a suspected bomb at the number 18 bus stop in Jaffa Road this week. (Brian Handler)

JNF surrenders to park vandals

Nomi Morris

Vandalism in the forests around Jerusalem is so severe that the Jewish National Fund no longer bothers to repair the damage, said a JNF official this week.

"There is a limit to what we can do. We cannot keep up with the vandalism. It is a problem that we do not have an answer for," said Akiva Einis, Director of the Canadian department at the JNF.

Einis was commenting on the state of Canada Forest, located near Hadassah, Ein Kerem. The forest was planted during the 1950's as a result of a Canadian campaign that raised over \$1.5 million. Recently, a group of former Canadians visited the forest and were upset to find that

commemorative plaques were destroyed, lettering on the monument to Canada was damaged, and the area reeked of sewage.

"I was very excited at the prospect of visiting Canada Forest since I vividly remember buying trees for it as a child. I had a distinct image in my mind of the monument that always appeared on certificates that we received," said Josie Arbel.

"It was a disappointment to see how badly kept the forest was, and it raised questions in our minds about responsibility to donors abroad."

Einis acknowledged that at least a dozen plaques are broken and insists that it does not make sense to continually replace them, especially since very few people now visit the forest.

"One Shabbat in the Sixties, when many people used to picnic in the

forest, someone with a hammer went around and smashed 28 plaques. I have replaced them many times," he said.

If a donor indicates his intention to visit the forest, Einis sends someone out to check if the appropriate plaque is there. If it is not, it is replaced at that point.

"Vandalism is a problem not only in Canada Forest but all over the country. Possibly 1,000 plaques are replaced every year. There is also a problem with fires being set," reported Einis.

As for the sewage, the Jerusalem Municipality extended the pipes of an open sewage stream a number of years ago so that it now by-passes the forest.

"The JNF complained but we were told it would be diverted when there is enough money," said Einis.

London date for local theatre group

Jerusalem Drama Workshop is to perform its award-winning production of *Bruria* at the New End Theatre in London for seven performances, next month.

There will also be performances in Manchester and Liverpool, in a tour arranged by Eli Rosen, cultural attaché at the Israeli Embassy in London.

The play, which originally won a prize at the Acre Theatre Festival in 1982, was created by four women: Gabriella Levy and Ruth Wieder, who perform in the play; Rina Joyce

Miller, who directs and translated the play from Hebrew into English and Aliza Elion-Yisraeli, who wrote the final script.

The group performed the play at the Edinburgh Festival, last August. The story of "Bruria" is about the only woman member of the *Tanach*, the Jewish scholars who created the foundation of the Talmud.

A pre-tour performance in English will be held on Sunday at 8.30 p.m. at the Khan Theatre in Jerusalem.

A crook 'with good taste'

A painting valued by the artist at \$500 has been stolen from the Jerusalem Artists' House gallery in Shmuel Hanagid Street.

On Sunday night the thief opened a display window on the gallery's outside wall which was holding an oil painting by Mitch Pilcer, whose exhibition ended there this week. It is entitled *Nude with Cat*.

"We assume it was a crook with a taste for fine art," said Sarah Hozan, director of the Artists' House.

"There have been past incidents where the display case was broken into by vandals to steal a poster or an announcement, but this was the first

time an original painting was taken. The thief opened the lock, took the painting, and then closed the window again.

"We warned Pilcer that we could not ensure works left in the outside display case, but he insisted on keeping his painting there."

Pilcer, a 27-year-old American-born artist who lives in Jerusalem, said that he had wanted passers-by to see "the strength and beauty of an original work of art, not just a copy."

Police investigators are working on the case, and Pilcer has offered a reward of \$100 for the painting's return.

Schools in danger

Myra Novack

Five elementary schools are in danger of closing because of falling numbers, according to Jerusalem education superintendent Yoel Shifman.

The five, which Shifman would not name, are all schools where there is no longer a first grade or in which the first class is extremely small.

"The current economic situation will certainly influence the decision," said Shifman who expects to decide, with the agreement of the

Education Ministry, around January 1.

Shifman added that the transfer of students, or merging some of the schools would be accomplished without harm to the students and through discussions with parents' committees. Since the schools were all small and some of them would be amalgamated, the total number of students moving would not reach 300.

Shifman pointed to the demographic move from older neighbourhoods where the schools are located to the new neighbourhoods, as the reason for low enrolment. "Today one can sell three rooms in an older neighbourhood and get four in a new one," he said.

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IN JERUSALEM

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New Traffic Route in Central Jerusalem

On Monday, December 10, a new traffic route will open in central Jerusalem, connecting Rehov Agrippas with Rehov Ben Yehuda (junction with Shmuel Hanagid).

This route, a continuation of Rehov Eliash, will carry one-way traffic, going in the direction towards Rehov Agrippas and Rehov Ben Yehuda.

In this street, there will be parking space for about 40 vehicles.

Jerusalemites are invited to make use of this new route.

— Problems/Emergencies Centre: Tel. 666666, 661666

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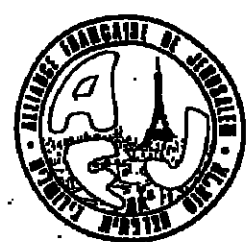
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4th prize: A free language course or free registration at two cultural workshops for a trimester.

CAUTION: Please don't write in the big squares (reserved for computer system)

I) FRENCH COURSE

What kind of course would you like for yourself or for your children?

- a) Traditional studies
1. Beginners
2. Intermediate
3. Advanced

- b) Specialized studies
1. Kindergarten (from 2 to 5 years old)
2. Discussion on various everyday topics (list the topics that interest you:

c) Refresher course in technical vocabulary:

1. Sciences (please list:

2. Humanities (please list:

3. Would you be able to teach French yourself? (on which level?

4. Others (please list:

5. Exhibitions (please list:

II) CULTURAL ACTIVITIES

a) Library
What kind of books would you like to be able to borrow?

- General literature
1. Romance
2. Thriller
3. Poetry
4. Children's books
5. Others (please list:

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b) Information and reading materials
What kind of reading material would you like to be able to consult?

1. Daily press
(Suggest titles:

2. Weekly press
(Suggest titles:

3. Specialized press
(Suggest titles:

4. Encyclopedias
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5. Others (please list:

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a) Workshops - animation and creation
In what kind of activities would you be interested in participating?

1. Film club (history and technique of the French cinema)
2. Video
3. Movies
4. Photography

Audio-visual workshop

1. Sound
2. Video
3. Movies
4. Photography

Literature workshop

1. Theatre workshop (writing on a show)
2. Poetry workshop

Study groups (Lectures - Debates - Seminars)

1. Preferably in French
2. Preferably in Hebrew
3. Literature
4. Politics
5. Sciences
6. Philately
7. Scribbles

8. Art
9. Others (please list:

10. Would you like to lead one of the activities yourself? Which one?

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Additional question to decide the winners: Guess how many correctly filled out questionnaires we receive (two printed 100,000)

Please answer here:

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Date of birth:

Profession:

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Answer optional.

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THE JERUSALEM POST LOCAL SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1984

IN JERUSALEM

Consuming interest

People of the (used) book

Esther Hecht

The People of the Book can't always afford new books.

This should come as no surprise, since shipping costs, insurance, import duties and markups bring the price of imported books to almost double their cost abroad.

Luckily, if you're hungry for a good read you can find food for thought at an affordable price in one of the half dozen used book stores in Jerusalem that cater for English speakers. Most of them are within a few hundred metres of each other, in and around the downtown triangle, but they are modestly hidden away.

In all of them you'll find books on every topic, from science fiction to arts and crafts, and from Jewish philosophy to Yiddish humour. Because most of the stores buy back at a premium books they have sold, they function as lending libraries for their regular customers.

Old-timers remember the store next to the Habim cinema which for years was the used English book store in Jerusalem. Its customers have moved on to greener pastures, such as Book Stop, which opened 10 years ago at 6 Du Nuwas Street, off Jaffa Road, next to Hatza'atza toy store. A specialty of Book Stop is a story hour for young children on Wednesday afternoons at 4 p.m.

Shoppers are invited to enjoy a complimentary cup of chicken soup, coffee or cocoa while they browse, and will find the salespeople especially helpful. "Our favourite job is recommending books," says saleswoman Rivka Rakov, "and we develop close relationships with our regular customers." The youngest of these is 10-year-old Noam, a science fiction fiend; the oldest is an 87-year-old woman.

Recent bestsellers, romances and thrillers sell best, says Rakov. In addition, the store buys and sells comic books and magazines. Here you'll find only magazines published in the last year and no weeklies - except *Woman's Day* and *Family Circle* - or girls' publications.

The Book Stop buys back new and used books and magazines at 40 per cent - either cash or credit - of what was paid for them, but pays much less for books bought elsewhere.

Thus, my copy of *The Color Purple* (\$6.95 in the U.S.) would cost \$2,060 if I bought it new in Book Stop, and I would get \$2,425 if I sold it back to them. But if I had bought it in another store, I would get only \$1,260 for it. Book Stop would resell it in either case for

IS3,150.

If you're looking for a book that is not in stock, tell the salespeople and if it comes in they will put it aside for you until you appear to claim it.

A children's book sale is planned to start the week before Hanukka and to continue through the holiday.

Book Stop is open 9-7 daily, and 9-1.30 on Fridays. Credit cards are accepted on purchases over IS3,000.

Just a few metres away, at 5 HaHavatzet, is Book Shuk, which has been going for seven years. This shop sells books in Hebrew and German as well as English and some of the volumes are new.

Book Shuk specializes in new and used children's books and books on art and graphics. Many of the new volumes in the latter category are discounted.

"We're selective about what we buy," says proprietor Debbie Eisner. "We pay cash only for recent bestsellers and offer credit for other books. We usually pay about half of the resale price of a book."

Periodicals sold here include *National Geographic*, and fashion and girls' magazines, but no weeklies.

If you can't find a certain book, the store will contact you when it turns up.

Hours are 9-1 and 4-7 daily, 9-1.30 on Friday. Credit cards are not accepted.

You could easily walk right over Yalkut ("bookbag"), one of the newest used book shops in town, without realizing it. Along with a number of boutiques and specialty shops, Yalkut is tucked away in the City Center shopping arcade, beneath the City Tower which is next to Hamashbir Lazarchan. Less than one year old, Yalkut is the younger brother of Book Store, in the Clal building on Jaffa Road near Mahane Yehuda.

Both shops carry English, Hebrew, Spanish and German books; most of these are used. Kids will find books in English and Hebrew as well as comics. The periodicals include women's journals and girls' magazines.

These stores buy back foreign language books at 65 per cent of the previous price and Hebrew books at 75 per cent, because Hebrew books sell faster, explains saleswoman Rivka Provialer.

In a thick notebook customers' requests are listed and the stores will notify them when the book has been found. According to Provialer, the hottest items after bestsellers are books about Israel, Judaism, philosophy, children's books and science fiction.

Both stores are open 8-7 daily and 8-2.30 on Friday.

The closest thing to the old Alaska cafe on Jaffa Road, where you could read a free newspaper and meet friends over a cup of coffee, is Sefer v'Sefel ("book and mug") at 4 Yavetz, a tiny alley off Jaffa Road, just below the big intersection with King George. Up a narrow stairway and across the balcony it's another world, an oasis in the downtown jungle, where you can get an everything-on-it sundae with real American hot fudge, and where you can take a newspaper or used book off the shelf and consume it free of charge on the premises.

Now in its fourth year, Sefer v'Sefel stock over 20,000 books in English, Spanish, French and Hebrew. Proprietors Joel Kubi and Phil Kurtz recently bought out a music and art library and now have about 500 classical records in excellent condition.

The store pays 25 per cent of the previous price for books bought elsewhere, and 50 per cent in credit coupons linked to the book rate, or 45 per cent in cash, for books bought in the store.

All new books are discounted 10 per cent, and romances are reduced by 25 per cent. At Pessah, when the kitchen is closed, slow-moving books are sold by the kilo.

Kids will find new and used comics and adults will find periodicals, but no girls' magazines. Sefer v'Sefel does not accept credit cards.

"We have a coffee crowd in the morning, who sit on the open balcony and read newspapers or write letters home," says Kubi. In winter the balcony is enclosed and heated.

If you're not sated by the printed page, you can try some of the homemade soup. Better yet, try the six flavours of natural ice cream - strictly kosher, 48 per cent cream, absolutely no additives - or make your own sundae with hot fudge that is the real McCoy and real whipped cream.

Hours are 9-7 daily, 9-1.30 Fridays, Thursday and Saturday nights the store is open until 11.

The granddaddy of shops dealing in used English books is Stein, at 52 King George Street. More than any of its younger competitors, Stein has the air of an old-fashioned used book shop, where you might stumble on a first edition of a classic.

Unfortunately for working people, Stein is open only in the morning, 8.30-1.

The baby in the family is Book Shelf, a small shop in the Jewish Quarter of the Old City. It is located at 44 Rehov Habad, directly above



(Realah Kartinsky)

the Cardo, between Rehov Or HaHaim and the Arab market.

"I worked in a bookshop in Rehovot for many years," says proprietor Marietta Samuel, "and I must say that Jerusalem readers have much better taste." Many of the regular customers are residents of the Jewish Quarter, who are attracted by the store's collection of non-fiction and Judaica, as well as children's books.

Book Shelf stocks books in English, French, German and Hebrew. "And I'd like to carry books in Yiddish," adds Samuel. The magazine section includes *National Geographic*, *Natural Historian* and *Smithsonian*.

Samuel says that she buys books at 40 per cent of their resale value, regardless of where they were purchased. "And if a customer asks for a book not in stock, I make a special effort to locate it and notify the customer when I've obtained it."

There is a children's corner, where youngsters can sit and read while their parents browse. There is also a photocopying machine in the shop.

Hours are 10-1 and 3-6 Monday through Thursday. The store is closed on Friday. Credit cards are not accepted.

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Only ten shopping days to Hanukka

Betti Lipman

Hanukka is coming, and, at today's prices, you'll want to feel that your gifts are welcome and that your hard-earned cash has not been wasted. To find something original, traditional or characteristically

Israeli to send overseas is a headache.

WIZO's Little Corner, recently opened at 11 Hillel Street would appear to provide a solution.

Here there is an extensive selection of unusual items for the home, babies and children, as well as ladies' knitwear, at prices well below those of downtown stores and souvenir shops.

The knitted boleros, sweaters and baby booties are hand-made by a group of Jerusalem ladies, while the attractive kitchen and nursery accessories, bed linen and children's wear are specially sewn for WIZO in Tel Aviv, on a "home industry" basis.

Thus, with outdoor workers producing their own imaginative and original designs, the Little Corner is able to offer a unique and exclusive

range at affordable prices.

Applied designs are featured on scatter cushions, quilted elderdowns for prams and cribs, nursery wall-hangings that double as holders for

diapers or toys, on children's skirts and overalls as well as on aprons and matching pot holders.

Equally original are holders for cutlery or breakfast rolls. Inexpensive and delightful stuffed dolls and

puppets are also available. Cigarette or tincket boxes with mosaic inlay are another of the store's gift options.

Jerusalem WIZO's Little Corner - open between 9 a.m. - 1 p.m. - like its counterparts in other cities, is staffed by volunteers, which further contributes to keeping down costs. All proceeds from sales are directed to WIZO projects.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1984

THE JERUSALEM POST LOCAL SUPPLEMENT

PAGE V

PAGE VI

Streetwise

S.Y.
Agnon
Boulevard

Battleground boulevard

Words: Esther Hecht. Photos: Karen Benzian

For motorists it's just a quick way to skirt Old Katamon on their way to the new Pat-Gilo road, but S.Y. Agnon Boulevard is no impersonal strip of asphalt. Named after the Nobel Prize winner, considered by many to be the greatest modern Hebrew novelist and short story writer, the four-lane street is lined with buildings, parks and alleys in which the visitor can read chapters of recent history.

At either end of the boulevard - in the north, where it forks into Hapalmah and Fichman, and in the south, where it becomes Bnei Beten - modern high-rises are rapidly obliterating some of the last open spaces of the inner city.

What is of interest to the visitor lies about midway between the two ends. On the western side is the Israel Goldstein Youth Village established in 1949 in memory of 40 members of the Palmah who died while liberating the area in the War of Independence. In the residential and day school, supported by Youth Aliya and the Ministry of Education, new immigrant and sabra children pursue agricultural, vocational and academic studies.

The shaded grounds are perfect for a Shabbat stroll almost any time of year. During the summer the Conservative movement operates day camps here for city children and for English-speaking children from abroad.

Across the street from the youth village, as if completing the human life cycle, is the United Old Age Home, notable visually for the huge solar water heating system on its roof.

Sandwiched between the youth village and a modern shopping centre is a plain, low building, still under construction. This is the Yod L'Yanaim synagogue of Congregation Mevakeshei Derech, which labels itself "independent, tradition oriented and progressive."

Cross the boulevard and you'll be in the beautifully landscaped Zarem Garden, with its striking sculpture of massive wood and steel (also, no plaque reveals the name of the sculptor). If you walk up either of the winding paths to the top of the slope you will find yourself in a grove of old cypress and pine trees, today named Koret Park.

On your left is the San Simeon

monastery, built in 1859-1879 by a Greek Orthodox monk on the remains of a 13th-century monastery. The monastery and the surrounding neighbourhood have come to be called San Simon, suggesting that they are named after Simon, one of the 12 apostles. But the monastery is dedicated to Simeon, "the righteous and just," of Jerusalem. According to the gospel of St. Luke (2:23-35), Simeon met Joseph, Mary and the infant Jesus in the Holy Temple, where he blessed them and told Mary, "Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel."

Today the monastery is maintained singlehandedly by Father Theodoritus, who speaks both Hebrew and English and has a charming manner. In the walled garden in front of the monastery he grows vegetables for his own use.

Adjacent to the monastery is a structure built in 1890 as the summer home of the Greek Orthodox Patriarch. During the Mandatory period it housed the British High Commissioner.

In the War of Independence, this building served as the southern Jerusalem headquarters of the Arab irregulars. Today, with whole neighbourhoods filling in what was then open space it is hard to grasp the strategic importance of this hilltop position.

On April 2, 1948, the fourth battalion (nicknamed "Haportzim") of the Palmah attacked the headquarters but was repulsed. After the second attack, on the night of April 29, the headquarters fell. A stone plaque just outside the monastery and a rusty tank in Koret Park commemorate these decisive battles for the southern part of the city in which many Palmah members lost their lives.

The building is connected by recent construction to another old house, lived in by two Hebrew poets: Shaul Tchernikowsky and Rahel. Today the entire structure is a residence for physically disabled adults. The pockmarked exterior walls bear silent testimony to the fierce battles which raged here less than 40 years ago.



The Zarem Garden (top). A general view of the street (above). Children play around the hulk of a tank commemorating the battles in the area (below, left). Father Theodoritus tends his garden (below, right).



Fashion

Gali's new showroom

Greer Fay Cashman

The opening of the Gali showroom in the Talpiot Industrial Zone came not a moment too soon. The more veteran enterprises had been losing some of their glamour, and a bright spot was sorely needed.

Aside from spacious, well-organized premises, what distinguishes Gali from its neighbours is the emphasis which the company puts on fashion. There is nothing in the attractive displays to suggest the rummage sale atmosphere which

prevails in some of the other shops in Yad Harutzim Street. Gali is in a class all of its own and if it maintains or improves on its present standards, Jerusalemites will be flocking there in droves.

I bought a pair of ankle-high gym shoes, reduced through some defect in the finished product to IS11,800, which represented a 30 per cent discount. We turned the shoes every which way before we detected a barely visible fault, which says a lot for the quality control team at Gali.

But it wasn't only the footwear which deserves attention - it is also the eye-catching clothing for which

designer Shuky Levy has received so much kudos. Levy has a very special talent for giving style to casual basics with a dash of iridescent colour, strategic padding, new, dramatic cut, a slightly revised silhouette or unusual pairings in coordinates.

Levy's fashion handwriting has always been starkly simple, but striking. This is how he achieves full-bodied drama. No garment is too busy, too gaudy, too detailed. Levy utilizes the minimum for maximum effect.

Because Gali caters to women, men and children - all on one floor - a family outing can become synonymous with a shopping expedition. There's plenty of room in which to move around and to try on garments and footwear.

Sales staff are pleasant and helpful and exert no pressure on potential customers to buy. They don't have to because the merchandise speaks for itself.



Letters to In Jerusalem

Unemployment

To the Editor of *The In Jerusalem*: On behalf of AACI Jerusalem Region, I would like to thank you for drawing your readers' attention to the critical problem of employment for new olim in Nomi Morris' article in *In Jerusalem* November 30, 1984.

However, the concluding paragraph in which you note that AACI is responding to the problem by holding emergency meetings is not the full story.

Our first step has been a search for job opportunities. We have appealed to our own members; we have gone door to door, and we now request from your readers to inform us of any available job openings, from the most menial to the most sophisticated. The quality and quantity of experienced and skilled olim looking for work is quite exceptional. A job offer will help keep many of them in Israel. Please contact our office.

Further, we are organizing to in-

form the public about the plight of new olim, and to lobby the government to modify their policies towards hiring, unemployment payments, and stipends to new olim. The emergency meetings of AACI's board of directors, klits committee, and staff are steps in this effort.

IRA COHEN
AACI Jerusalem Region.

True-blue

To the Editor of *In Jerusalem*: The renewed use of tekhelet-dyed cords for tzitzit (tassels) on the corners of Third Temple era shirts is an exciting prospect (*In Jerusalem*, November 2, 1984).

However, it should be pointed out that the blue dye used by Radziner Hassidim for this mitzva is, in fact, a modern synthetic pigment called Prussian blue, which merely consists of a cyanide salt of iron. Their incorporation of the sepi ink-sac from cuttlefish in the chemical preparation of Prussian blue is quite ineffec-

tive and does not contribute to the colour obtained.

The cuttlefish is not a snail, therefore, it should not be considered as a possible authentic source of the ancient dye tekhelet.

Modern scientific, talmudic and archeological research has shown conclusively that the original tekhelet was the banded dye-murex (*murex trunculus*). The dye obtained from this marine shellfish is not blue but rather a violet colour. The usual translation of the word tekhelet as "blue" in most Bibles is quite erroneous. The 1970 New English Bible (Oxford and Cambridge University Presses) gives the correct rendering "violet" for our ancient textile dye.

Our research programme at the Israel Fibre Institute includes a project for renewing the manufacture of the authentic tekhelet from banded dye-murex.

Dr. ISRAEL I. ZIDERMAN
Israel Fibre Institute, Jerusalem.

Art from waste



One of the young exhibitors at the International Cult Centre for Youth where candy wrappers, computer parts and old newspapers became works of art in exhibition of creativity through wastepaper. The exhibition continues on weekday mornings and ends next Friday, sponsored by Israel Television and the Council for Beautiful Israel. Above, Oran Edelstein with his winning creation. (M.D.)

Misleading

To the Editor of *In Jerusalem*: Your headline, Law Breakers Work at Biblical Zoo (*In Jerusalem*, November 30), was misleading. The story dealt largely with the project in which offenders work at the zoo.

But mention was made of another programme sponsored by the Sum-

mit Collegiate Study Centre programme involved a group of Americans with learning disabilities and is in no way related to the probation department's program or any other programme involving offenders.

YOSSI FLI, Assistant
Summit Collegiate Student Programme, Jerusalem.

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Shock defeat for Betar

★ But Hapoel romp home

Steve Leibowitz

Just when things seemed to be going well, Betar Jerusalem played their worst half of basketball this year, on their way to their first defeat of the season.

Betar trailed lowly Rishon LeZion by 18 points at the half, as the entire squad seemed to go flat at the same time. They came back to life in the second half as star centre Mel Hubbard scored 19 points in the final period.

However, it was too little and too late. Betar outscored Rishon 47:33 in the second half but fell just short in the dramatic closing minutes, losing 83-79. Betar's record now falls to 6-1.

Hapoel Jerusalem were in fine form during a 100-60 romp over the last place Ashkelon, lifting Hapoel to 6-2 on the season, and keeping them within striking range of the top of the division.

Hapoel, once Jerusalem's top basketball team, lost two contests early in the season. They are clearly weaker than in past seasons but are playing surprisingly competitive ball.

Their two defeats were come-from-behind heartbreakers which could be reversed in the second round of league play. Hapoel plays its home games in the Mitchell Auditorium on Straus street.

Betar's next two games in the quest of a division title become all the more crucial after this week's upset defeat. This Sunday they play second place Maccabi Daron and the following Sunday is another home contest against first place and undefeated Kiryat Ono. Both contests will be played at Betar's home court in the Manahat basketball arena. Game time is 8 p.m.

The Artzi league plays a 20-game league schedule with each of the 11 squads playing the others twice on a home and away basis. Betar and Hapoel each play in the southern division of the league. The top team in the division will rise to the first division national league next season.

Here are the standings at the top of the division:

TEAM	WINS	LOSSES
Kiryat Ono	7	0
Maccabi Daron	7	1
Betar Jerusalem	6	1
Hapoel Jerusalem	6	2



Eli Ohana takes on the Tel Aviv defence on Saturday.

(Rahamim Yisraeli)

The Schweitzer touch ruins Hapoel TA

★ Goldar hits golden hat-trick

Phillip Gillon

The real hero of Betar Jerusalem this season is not miracle-worker Uri Matmilian, or sharpshooter Eli Ohana, or any of the other lissome characters who figure on the field, but a portly, imperturbable gentleman named David Schweitzer. In a season marked by the broken dreams of managers and by players sulking off field because of disputes with management, Schweitzer has kept his dreams and teams intact.

He has displayed an astonishing flair for moving players from their accustomed spots into holes created

by those dissatisfied with their salary arrangements. The latest of the stars in temporary eclipse was Moshe Zeitun, who had been providing the striking force up front with Eli Ohana.

Most managers in Schweitzer's position might have panicked. Instead, he moved Avi Goldar from midfield and turned him into a striker. And what a striker! He hit a hat-trick in his first game in the most glamorous position that soccer can offer a player. It is not easy to outshine Ohana. But Goldar did it, scoring Betar's goals in their 3-0 defeat of Hapoel Tel Aviv on Saturday.

Now Schweitzer's problem may be an embarrassment of riches. What

will he do when the Zeitun argument is settled?

His other headache is to introduce more consistency into his team's performances. They are at their best against good sides, playing open, attractive soccer, to match their own style, and at their worst when they confront tough, spilling, hard-tackling teams placing an emphasis on defence. On Saturday their away encounter is with Hapoel Haifa, fifth in the league, and with only five goals having been scored against them. It is going to be very tough to crack this nut.

Hapoel Jerusalem are at home to Rishon, eight places and eight points below them. They should win this one.

Growing pains

Elsclint, Israel's first high-tech success story, has been going through some rough times, but is emerging as a bigger, more mature, multinational corporation. However growing up leads to thoughts of leaving home, PINHAS LANDAU discovers.



"ELSCINT didn't make a joint suicide pact with the Israeli economy. I'm not a cynic. I try to comment on what our government is doing. I raise my voice and suggest reforms. But if, in spite of that, some of the politicians are going to kill the economy—we have to survive."

Avraham Suhami, chairman and chief executive officer of Elscint Ltd., is confident that the company he heads will overcome the purely business problems that have slowed its growth and all but wiped out its profitability in the last 12 months. He is less certain of how Elscint can grow and prosper as an Israeli company in the current economic and administrative environment.

The company that Suhami founded in 1969, when he was fresh out of the Technion and hired by Uzia Galil of Elron Electronics, has become a legend in the last few years. When people talk about Israeli high-tech companies—as they do nowadays, *ad nauseam*—they have in their minds, first and foremost, Elscint. There are several reasons for this. Some are factual, others more conjectural; but all are part of the myth that has come to surround the company.

The facts are, in many respects, staggering. The company grew from zero to sales of \$100m. in 12 years. It has no home base, almost all its sales being made abroad. After years of sowing the seeds, through R&D and market research, Elscint burst forth in 1977 as one of the stars in the rapidly growing field of medical imaging. Its profits grew from almost nothing in 1977 to \$15m. in 1982, and its stock, traded on the over-the-counter market in New York, soared from \$5 in the late Seventies to a peak of over \$100 (before taking

split into account) in early 1983.

As a result, Israeli companies became widely respected in U.S. investment circles. In this, as in many other respects, Elscint was a trail-blazer. It had been, in 1972, the first Israeli high-tech company to turn to the American capital markets for its first public offering. In its wake came many others, and today this has become a commonplace procedure.

IN ADDITION, the aura of hi-tech, of the glowing future, of scientific progress—particularly in the medical field—shone from Elscint like a halo. The fact that hardly anyone in the general public could understand what the fancy machines did, much less how, made the company that produced them all the more remarkable. The Jewish romance with medicine and healing no doubt played a part as well.

Some analysts, more concerned with corporate fundamentals than PR hoopla, have always regarded Seifex as a better company than Elscint in the Israeli hi-tech firmament, but no one could put Suhami's company lower than second or third place. The bedrock of achievement was solid, even if some of the structure was a public-relations facade.

Until 1983. Suddenly, problems started to appear, and the convergence of several difficulties simultaneously produced a real crisis for Elscint. Only now is it beginning to emerge from the bad patch it went through, and even so, as the saying goes, "the jury is still out" as to the final verdict.

To understand how things developed, it is necessary to go back to 1982, when Elscint was faced with the need to take some very basic

strategic decisions. Having crossed the \$100m. annual sales mark, the company had to consider how to maintain its phenomenal growth rates. In Suhami's words, "Going from \$0 to \$100 is not the same ball game as going from \$100m. to \$500m. and onwards to the \$1b. level. We had to change certain things and position ourselves to achieve larger market segments in several areas." To this end the company inflated large R&D projects, some of which fell by the wayside, while others bore fruit in the form of a new generation of Elscint products in the various fields of medical imaging equipment.

The need for finance to fund these projects led to the evolution of a new tax shelter law for Israeli R&D outfits, popularly known as "the Elscint law," since it was designed for, and largely by, that company. It is now the source of some controversy, with investigations under way to determine if smart investors used the provisions of the law to turn a quick profit.

There are also claims that Elscint and Tadiran, the only companies to utilize the law to date, took advantage of loopholes in it regarding the use of the funds raised. Suhami pooh-poos such talk, saying that the law reflects the widespread ignorance concerning tax-shelter laws and how they are meant to operate.

In any event, the period of 1983-84 found Elscint engaged in revamping its product line, developing and manufacturing new and updated instruments. This gave rise to a "discontinuity" on the supply side, stemming from the company itself.

THE THIRD blow to fall was something outside the company's control,

expand significantly the marketing position in the U.S. and Europe and to work Elscint into a position where it became a producer—rather than an importer—in the main countries where it sold.

It therefore proceeded to acquire companies in France and Italy, and to establish its own subsidiary in England. These gave it the "presence" it felt it needed in those countries and formed a base on which to build up its marketing and maintenance arms.

In the U.S., Elscint's marketing requirements dictated the need for a broadly-based marketing operation reaching down into the small cities. For this reason, it spent \$14.5m. (most of it in cash) to buy up the marketing and some of the manufacturing arms of one of its competitors, Xonics Inc. It swallowed much of Xonics' senior management as well, with the president of Xonics replacing Elscint's top man in the U.S.

But what had seemed like a good idea on paper developed into a disaster. Absorbing Xonics turned out to be much more difficult than anticipated. As Suhami put it, "Merging is one word, but doing it takes a major effort." Put more simply, he had bitten off too large a mouthful and Xonics nearly stuck in his throat.

Combining the sales forces of Elscint and of Xonics meant dismissing half of the personnel. Those who remained had to get to know new customers and learn new products at the same time. The operation hardly went smoothly, and the results showed up in higher sales and service costs and lower sales levels.

THE THIRD blow to fall was something outside the company's control,

so its coinciding with the two factors noted was in fact very bad luck. It came from the demand side, and what happened was that, quite unexpectedly, the customer-base of hospitals and clinics reduced the level of their buying very sharply.

In October 1983, health-care reimbursement in the U.S. changed from a cost-plus to a fixed-price system. Whereas previously hospitals had received their costs, with some profit margin on top, for each patient treated, now there were 474 categories of diseases and the hospitals received \$x,000 for treatment of a particular category, however much it cost them. Hospitals thus needed the most cost-effective equipment available, where "cost-effectiveness" meant not simply price but also procedures, patient put-through, ease of operation, and so on.

Because of the need to learn how to operate under the new system, the health-care industry did something no one had foreseen, although the reforms had been long-planned. It put most of its buying on hold. Purchasing slumped, and the sales of Elscint, like those of its competitors, fell significantly instead of rising as had been expected.

Profit margins were badly burned and, in the January-March 1984 quarter (the fourth quarter of the company's 1983 fiscal year) Elscint registered its first quarterly loss in six years. The damage, however, went beyond the actual figures.

Until the very last, Suhami and the other senior management had not been prepared to admit to the American brokerage-house analysts who followed the company that there would be red ink. When they were

(Continued on page 4)

Labour win municipal vote

The Labour Party list won 74 per cent of the vote in the municipal workers council election last Tuesday.

This represents 23 of the 31 seats on the council, a gain of one for Labour. A united religious list of the National Religious Party, Agudat Yisrael and Ponei Agudat Yisrael got four seats, one less than last

time. The Likud received three seats and a non-affiliated youth list received one vote.

Labour sources said that they considered the vote a victory.

According to city spokesman Ike Kedem 71 per cent of the 7,000 eligible voters participated, which is considered a high turnout. SP

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(Continued from page 3)

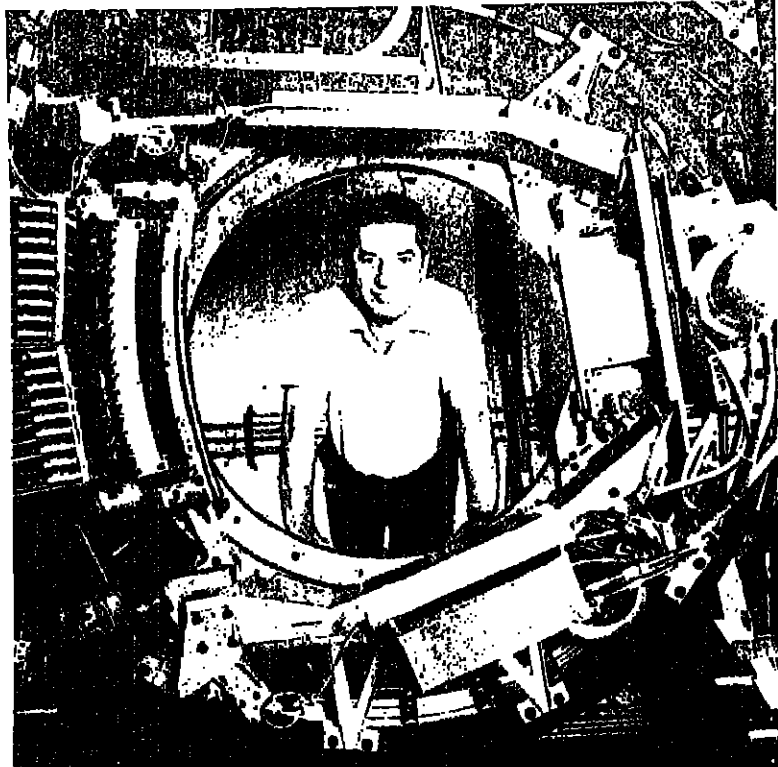
proven wrong, their credibility was severely affected. (All this sounds very strange to a public that knows no better than the half-baked reporting procedures and total lack of analysis that characterize the Tel Aviv Stock Exchange, but Elscint chose to play with the big boys and should have stuck to the rules.)

An analyst at the Wall Street firm of L.F. Rothschild, writing in late August, noted that "although the loss occurred for a number of understandable and, we believe, temporary reasons, it nevertheless created a credibility problem, revealing both inadequate financial controls and deficient communications with the investment community."

SINCE THEN there has been a partial recovery at Elscint. The first (April-June) quarter showed a tiny profit, and the most recent results, for July-September, recorded another profit, but still very small. The projections of the Rothschild analyst were not met that quarter, nor are they likely to be in the current one. But the situation is certainly improving.

The problems are resolving themselves or being resolved. On the demand side, the health-care market has adapted itself to the new system, with the trend emerging of hospitals sending their patients to private testing labs and clinics to take advantage of the services they can offer more cheaply. These costs in treatment are thus removed from the hospital's fixed payments, and the hospital is saved the capital expenses of buying new equipment.

Typically, these clinics are owned by groups of doctors who work in the hospitals, who buy the machines and use the depreciation as a tax-shelter on their tax returns. They make the machines available to their patients or they rent them to the hospital. These clinics are springing up all over the U.S., alongside every hospital, and have always been Elscint's best market, because it was newer on the scene than Xonics, General Electric and others. With the purch-



Avraham Suhani framed by the innards of a body scanner on the Elscint production line in Haifa.

use of Xonics, however, Elscint has got a foot in the door of the big hospitals, too. These tend to order multi-unit "centres," and several such orders have recently been made.

The absorption of Xonics is almost complete, with the last dismissals now being made in the combined sales force. Similarly, the new products are coming on stream, and the R&D programme is scheduled to wind up next March. Thus sales are rising again, while costs are coming back under control. Profits should begin to pick up over the coming quarters. A bigger, more mature, Elscint should emerge from the tough times the company has weathered in the last two years.

BUT THE WORLD into which Elscint is emerging, if the bad patch is indeed really over, is quite different from the one it knew in 1982.

growing "Israel risk" factor creates great difficulties in tapping the U.S. markets, over and above the general disenchantment with high-tech companies that has emerged since the boom in that sector ended in 1983.

Even more important than capital, from a longer-term perspective, is labour. A high-tech, R&D-oriented concern like Elscint exists ultimately on the brain-power of its personnel. Much is made, particularly by politicians, of the potential that Jewish brain-power in Israeli R&D firms can realize for the country.

In practice, the reality is so far removed from the rhetoric that one wonders how the two can co-exist. Natan Ron, Elscint's new manager of investor relations, explains the problem:

"In Israel, if we pay an engineer \$30,000 gross annual salary, he will take home \$9,000 of it. In addition, the company will pay a further \$20,000 in social benefits, making \$50,000 in all, paid out by us.

"If the same \$50,000 were paid out in the U.S., the gross pay would be \$42,000, and the employee would take home \$28,000. It is hardly surprising, then, that we have many employees pleading for a chance to make a few dollars in our Boston or Chicago facilities for a few years."

Ron, an ex-attorney, presents his case with vigour: "How long can the employee take it on the chin? When UJA groups come here, I say to them: 'I'd like to introduce you to the big-givers' fund - the 3,000 employees of Elscint. They pay more per year as Israeli taxpayers than most people give in their lifetime.'"

NOR IS the government going to foot the outside world by pretending that a certain situation exists when it is, in fact, a dream. Ron relates how Elscint hosted the presidents of three major corporations - Walt Disney, Southern California Edison and Southern California Gas. They came fresh from the Prime Minister's Office and said, "We have been informed that you gentlemen are producing the future of Israel - that high-tech is going to save Israel."

Elscint's answer was quite plain: "We don't know how our employees are going to save Israel when our main problem is how to save our employees from Israel."

Ron admits that there is an on-going brain drain - which is perhaps less acutely felt at Elscint than elsewhere, because it is a prestigious company. In addition to the salary issue, there is the problem of mortgages in Israel - Elscint staffers go to Boston and see how easy it is to buy houses there.

These are social, rather than corporate, problems. But they are crucial to the company's future. That is one reason why Suhani has been so active a commentator on economic affairs in recent months, both in public and behind the scenes. His prestige, his position and his large ego all combine to thrust him to the fore in the debate about the future direction of industry particularly, and the economy in general.

As his talk of a "joint suicide pact" indicates, Suhani doesn't mince his words. When he says Elscint has to survive, he means exactly that, and the implications are nothing short of explosive. Asked whether there is a risk that the foreign-owned multinational companies operating in Israel, such as Motorola, Intel and NSM, and their Israeli counterparts, of whom Elscint is one, might be driven "offshore" by government maladministration and bad planning, he says simply, "The answer is a big yes."

Similarly, he sees "survival" as a corporate question. "I have a responsibility to all the shareholders of this company [many of them are foreign] and towards its employees. We try not to have a conflict of interests [with the government], but the day may arrive when we will."

Suhani is currently very active in putting these ideas across to the government. He had better succeed, for Elscint is no longer the precocious upstart it once was. It's a big boy now and it has seen the world. If it decides to leave home, the "family" it leaves behind might be shocked to discover that they miss it far more than it misses them.

GEULA COHEN of Tehiya is for it; so is Alignment MK Edna Solodar; and even some members of Mapam support the idea. Mohammed Mi'ari of the Progressive List for Peace is strongly opposed, as is Shmuel Toledano, who served as the prime minister's adviser on Arab affairs for 11 years.

The question of national service for Israel's Arab minority cuts right across party lines and indeed transcends former concepts of "left" and "right" in this country.

The proponents maintain that they are the true democrats, sincerely believing in full equality between Jews and Arabs in the State of Israel; the opponents say the proposal is a sham, a subtle move to justify the patent inequality that exists between the two communities.

EDNA SOLODAR, a member of Kibbutz Geshet, points out that she has the qualifications to prepare legislation for Arabs to do national service. She has been active in preparing legislation against the racist activities of Rabbi Meir Kahane. But, she maintains, "rights and duties go together."

"I look on it positively - not negatively," she declares. She sees it as part of one process, a process of advancement. Legally the Arabs have full rights, she notes. Problems of discrimination and favouritism are often more a matter of social norms, of education, than of laws. She believes that rights and duties are indivisible, and that if Arabs accept obligations, Jewish society will become more open to them.

Because she sees a security problem if Arabs serve in the army, she says "at least let them do national service, including work in their own community."

Solodar stresses that the process must be a gradual one. She does not aim to introduce immediate, total national service, with penalties for those who refuse to serve. She would like to develop it gradually, stage by stage. It should start, she feels, on an experimental basis, with certain communities such as the Beduin, or Christian Arabs, going first.

She is aware that the majority of the country is opposed to the idea for various reasons, but she aims to persuade the opponents. She admits there are fearsome problems, but refuses to give up the idea because of that. She stresses that any legislation would apply to Jews and Arabs equally. Religious Jews who don't want to serve in the army should be compelled to do national service, just like the Arabs; but the accent must be on education and persuasion at the outset.

MK MOHAMMED MI'ARI is dead against the idea, despite the fact that *The Jerusalem Post* reported him as "calling for national service." It was all a misunderstanding, he explains. At a news conference, he was asked whether Israeli Arabs did not want to serve their own community and he replied that of course they did.

"I am in favour of self-help," he stresses. "Our party will foster voluntary community work in our towns and villages. But this has nothing to do with national service."

National service, says Mi'ari, is a matter of the army. At the present time, there is a conflict between Israel and the Palestinian people. It is inconceivable, he thinks, that Israeli Arabs should be asked to fight against their own brothers, parents and cousins. It is, in his view, tendentious to link the question of equality and national service, even if non-military service is envisaged.

Mi'ari acknowledges that Israelis who serve in the army dedicate three

years of their lives to it. In his view they should be fairly compensated for this by a one-time payment of, say, \$300. After that there should be absolute equality between all citizens. He rejects the idea that ex-soldiers should have preference when it comes to university places, grants, mortgages, National Insurance payments and other matters.

Don't rights and duties go together? No, says Mi'ari. All citizens are entitled to their rights. Anyway, Israeli Arabs do contribute to society. "Who keeps the factories going?" he asks. "Who works in the fields and on the building sites?" He adds with a smile: "Anyway, if you look at it from one point of view, we gave the land."

MORDECHAI ZIPORI, who served as deputy defence minister before running the Ministry of Communications when the Likud was in power, takes his stand on the basis of full equality.

"We have to start with the matter of rights," he states emphatically, "and then go on to duties." The job market must be opened to Israel's Arabs, notably the public sector. He is proud of the fact that, when he was deputy defence minister, he opened the Israel Defence Forces to the Druse and the Circassians. They had been confined to a special "minorities unit," but now they serve everywhere - including Nahal. He also made it possible for Druse to work in military industries.

The Jews, notes Zipori, have struggled for equal rights everywhere in the world. How can they deny this to a minority in their own state? "We cannot fight for the right to live in Nablus and Hebron," he declares, "without giving the Arabs the right to live in Haifa and Upper Nazareth."

"Let us see the first thousand Arabs in jobs in the public sector. Let's abolish the special minorities department - the prime minister's Arab affairs adviser - and then let's draft them into the army." Not some non-military service - this would be insulting, he says; they should be in the IDF.

Zipori is convinced that there would be willingness among the Arabs to serve, provided that they are also given their rights. He is not in the least worried about inducting Arabs into the IDF. Each case must be treated on an individual basis, he insists. There may be various barriers: women are not sent to serve at the front and pilots are not sent over a country where they were previously taken prisoner. Likewise it may be necessary to take into consideration family and personal ties with neighbouring countries.

Zipori notes that cases of Druse or Circassians going over to the enemy were almost non-existent. There was once a Circassian who studied under him at an officers' course who went over to the Jordanians; but that is the only case he remembers.

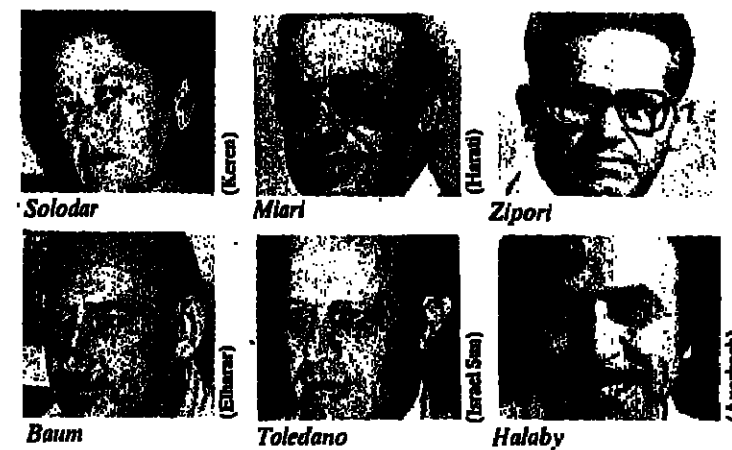
Zipori believes that Israel is depriving itself of genuine talent and ability by not mobilizing Arabs to the army and to jobs in the civilian sector. There are 700,000 Israeli Arabs, he points out. Using them might mean reducing compulsory military service to two years or less.

Zipori believes that more special units for minorities can be formed where these are required, "like yeshivot hesder for religious Jews." But in principle the IDF should be open to all citizens.

The Palestinians are some of the most able of the Arabs, he continues. They have arrived at positions of leadership all over the Middle East. Why should Israel deprive itself of this talent?

Military option?

Daniel Gavron looks into the proposal that Arabs should do national service.



Sadly, Zipori mentions that his ideas are fully consistent with those of Ze'ev Jabotinsky. "I wish some of today's political leaders really knew what the founder of our Herut movement stood for," he sighs.

Once army service has been decided on, Zipori says, he would enforce the law; he does not believe there will be wide-scale resistance, "if we go about it the right way." He rejects the idea of giving the Arabs a choice of service or citizenship; he would make the decision and apply the law.

The choice is just what Sgan-Aluf (Res.) Shlomo Baum would offer Israeli Arabs. They could either serve in the army and have absolute equality, he suggests, or refuse and become "residents." Rights and duties are inseparable, he states. There is no way that Arabs should have Israeli passports, or vote for the Knesset, if they do not serve in the army. But if they do

serve, they should have full equality. He makes no distinction between Jew and Arab. Many ultra-Orthodox religious Jews in his opinion should also be deprived of their voting rights and Israeli passports.

Baum, who served with the famous 101 commando unit in the 1950s and has spent the major part of his life in the army, makes it clear that he does not blame the Arabs for this state of affairs. "We have never told them what we want of them," he maintains.

Israel achieved sovereignty without sufficient preparation, he believes. "We do not act as an independent state and we are not treated like one," he insists. "We have merely transferred the ghetto from Europe to the Middle East."

Baum thinks that neither "left" nor "right" has grappled with the problem. A former supporter of Rafi, when David Ben-Gurion broke away from the Labour Party

(Mapai), he now supports Prof. Ezra Solar's list. "The only difference between left and right on this question is the degree of hypocrisy," he says. Both are hypocritical; but the left is worse than the right.

He believes that what he calls "the left-wing policies of Yossi Sarid and company" will lead to disaster, as will the "crazy ideas of Meir Kahane."

Baum cites historical parallels in support of his idea that Israeli Arabs can fight against other Arabs - there were Jews on both sides in World War I; there were American troops of German and Italian origin in World War II. Of course the situation of Israel's Arabs is different, he admits; no situation is exactly the same, "but basically it is the same question."

Baum favours an amendment to the Law of Return. He wants Jews to be able to come from all over the world and become Israelis; but not automatically. First they must learn the language and have lessons in citizenship. Only then do they get the vote and serve in the army. He does not support a Law of Return for the Arabs; but all who live here have the right to be fully equal citizens. "What is the difference?" he demands angrily. "You tell me!"

If an Arab is disloyal, says Baum, he should be dealt with in the same way as a Jew. He rejects the concept of a lack of loyalty among Israel's Arabs. There is confusion because of the way their community has been mishandled, he says. "If the Arabs think they can have all the rights without any obligations, it is our fault. We let them think this. But the concept does not exist anywhere in the world."

AFTER THE War of Independence in 1948, Israel was left with a community of some 15,000 Arabs, there were suspicions on both sides and nobody thought about national service then, recalls Shmuel Toledano, the prime minister's Arab affairs adviser from 1966 to 1977, when he served under Levi Eshkol, Golda Meir and Yitzhak Rabin. He was subsequently an MK for the Democratic Movement for Change. Today he is a member of Mapam.

Toledano rejects the "gloom and doom" view of the Israeli Arab community. The state has existed with a large minority for more than three decades, he points out. During that time Israel has been in a state of war with the people to whom that minority belongs, and there have been four all-out wars. In all that time there has not been a single armed clash between the communities, he notes. It is a situation without parallel in history.

He is strongly against the idea of national service, believing it to be totally unrealistic. "The Arabs don't want it," he states. "and every Israeli government to date has rejected the idea."

Toledano repudiates the concept of both rights and duties. As adviser on Arab affairs, he was dedicated to improving the lot of Israel's Arabs and he still is. "But forget about equality," he states baldly. "You can't legislate equality." A couple of Druse served in official positions for a time; but today there is not a single member of a minority community in a senior government post. The Histadrut has 60,000 Arab members and not one Arab department head.

If national service (military or non-military) were successfully implemented it would be worse, he maintains. The Arabs would emerge from their service expecting equality, only to find that they don't

(Continued on page 6)

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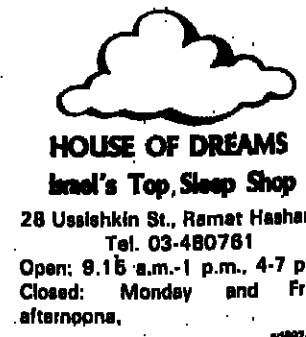
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For the Sake of Better Health

A programme for better health and improved health services

To raise the standards of health in Israel, Kupat Holim has done much in recent years to improve the services provided at its 1,270 clinics throughout the country, attended each day by some 170,000 members.

In furtherance of that aim, Kupat Holim is now conducting a comprehensive survey among its members and employees. Its purpose is to gain a better understanding of how effectively these clinics operate, what problems they face and what opportunities exist for improvement.

We would like to find out which of Kupat Holim's services you find satisfactory and which, in your opinion, ought to be altered or upgraded. In short, what are our members' specific wishes, and what suggestions have they to offer for change, in all areas of Kupat Holim activity?

In order to obtain correct conclusions and have them acted upon, the questionnaires that you complete are to be examined, and replies tabulated, by a team from the Danat Research Institute, under the direction of Dr. Mina Tzernach.

Kupat Holim invites you personally to participate in this survey, thereby contributing to the advancement of health in Israel and to the gradual improvement of health services.

It is important to us to know precisely what YOUR thoughts are. So, for the sake of your own health, kindly complete the attached questionnaire as carefully and as accurately as you can. Thank you.

Here are 10 questions selected from the questionnaire used in Kupat Holim's survey, currently being conducted throughout the country. Some of the questions are to be answered by circling the number corresponding to the answer you choose. Kindly write down your answers to the remaining questions on a separate sheet of paper.

- When going to see your family doctor, which method of obtaining an appointment with him do you generally prefer?
1) To come to the clinic and simply wait in line until the doctor is free to see you.
2) To telephone in advance for an appointment, fixing the time of day and the date on which you will be seen by the doctor (not the day you make your phone call) without then having to wait in line.
- Patients visiting their doctor at a clinic or at the doctor's private address generally find themselves having to wait until the doctor becomes free to see them. Naturally, Kupat Holim's management would like to shorten, as much as possible, the time members are obliged to wait. This could perhaps be achieved if patients were to come at different times of the day. Accordingly, if in future you were asked to visit the clinic at off-peak hours, such as 11 a.m.-12 noon, or 6 p.m.-7 p.m., would you personally find these hours convenient?
1) Generally, yes
2) Occasionally
3) Generally, no
- From time to time you have probably had ideas of your own for shortening the time one has to spend waiting in Kupat Holim clinics, or for making such waiting time easier or more enjoyable. Please indicate any such ideas or suggestions you may have on this subject.
- Kupat Holim offers its members a range of courses on various subjects in the area of health education. While waiting for their turn to be seen by the doctor, patients at some of our clinics are able to participate in some of these courses, run by members of the clinic staff. If similar courses were to be conducted at your own clinic and were available during the time you wait to see your doctor, would you personally participate in them or not?
1) Probably yes
2) Probably no
- Do you encounter any difficulties in obtaining the medicines you need at Kupat Holim pharmacies?
1) Generally, no (If this is your answer, please move on to Question 7.)
2) Occasionally
3) Usually
- Please describe the sort of difficulties you encounter in obtaining the medicines you need at Kupat Holim pharmacies.
- The Kupat Holim management would like to establish a telephone service, to be run by volunteers. On their own initiative, these volunteers would find out how they are feeling and, if necessary, to pass on such information to their doctor. Would you personally be prepared to volunteer for this service?
1) I think so
2) I do not think so
- The Kupat Holim management is considering the establishment of a telephone service which would make available up-to-date information on the available times and places where medical aid of every important type is obtainable. In your opinion, is a service of this sort necessary or not?
1) Necessary
2) Not necessary
- Though all of us are prone to complain about things we don't like in the services we receive, we generally tend to overlook their more favourable points. This being so, we would very much appreciate your giving some thought to what you see as the positive, attractive and efficient aspects of the services offered by Kupat Holim. Please indicate them in writing.
- Finally, please also let us know about all the matters regarding Kupat Holim that you are dissatisfied with. What specific complaints do you have regarding the clinic that you personally attend?

Code

Address

Name of Clinic

Please send your completed questionnaire, as soon as you can, to:

P.O. Box 18260, Tel Aviv 61026, attention: Survey

Completion of this questionnaire is obtainable at all Kupat Holim clinics

(throughout Israel)

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KUPAT HOLIM

The General Federation of Labour in Israel

(Continued from page 5)

achieve it. He points out that the security services want Arabs to be employed in the public sector, but it still hasn't happened.

He does not agree that "we never decided what we wanted" from the Arab community. Early on, the government decided that it could not expect Israeli Arabs to share Israel's national, Zionist aspirations. It required them to obey the law and preserve public order. In the present circumstances this has been broadly achieved, he says.

Toledano notes that mobilizing the Arabs into the IDF does not even require legislation. There is a National Service Law. All that would be required would be to send the Arab youths mobilization orders, "as we do to the Druse." But the government does not make use of this right, as it does not wish ultra-Orthodox Jews.

Toledano supports the abolition of the Arab affairs adviser and the appointment of Ezer Weizman as minister in charge of the community. This is a positive step, he believes, and can lead to an improvement of the situation; but he hopes the national service idea will be dropped.

Toledano maintains that those who support the idea just do not understand the complexity of the situation. A mistake was made in education in the Arab sector, in "trying to teach them Ahad Ha'am and the Bible." The result was a generation of disaffected intellectuals. Trying to enforce national service could have far graver results.

THE DRUSE are Jews with regard to obligations and Arabs with regard to rights, Rafik Halaby states flatly. Halaby, a Druse from Daliat al-Carmel, served three years in the army and a decade in the reserves as a combat officer. He currently works as editor for Israel Television, where he is chairman of the journalists' committee.

"Forget it," he says, regarding national service for Israeli Arabs. "It is too late even to think about it." Halaby himself served in the (mainly Druse) minorities unit of the IDF. "We did not feel part of the IDF, but alongside it," he recalls, admitting that the situation has improved with the opening up of other IDF units to his people.

"To tell you the truth, we felt that we were doing something under compulsion," he says, recalling his service. "There is also an increasing awareness among young Druse that their army service has not improved the lot of their community."

The Druse villages suffer from the same discrimination as Arab villages, he says. There are no master-plans, there is little development or industrialization.

Even the Druse who have served in the army and are entitled to an ex-soldier's mortgage finds himself in a Catch-22 situation, he points out. "You can only get a mortgage for a legal building," he notes, "and in the absence of a master-plan, all buildings are illegal."

Halaby thinks that those proposing national service for Israeli Arabs are merely using it as an excuse to perpetuate discrimination. He cites the case of the Druse villages to prove it. If a quarter of the money poured into West Bank settlements in the last five years had been invested in Arab and Druse villages in Israel, the picture would be very different. "Israel does not really exist," he states. "We have here a Jewish state with its own priorities and drives and ambitions, but what about those who are not Jewish?"

THE NOTED American wine taster poured from the unmarked bottle, inhaled the aroma, took a sip and let the wine roll around his tongue. Then he savoured the delicate after-taste.

"This is a fine California wine of the first quality," he told the Israeli winegrower. Then he went through the same procedure with the second unmarked bottle.

"Your wine is very good," he told the visitor, "but it just can't stand up against this premium vintage."

He was in for a surprise. When the wrappings were taken off the bottles, lo and behold, the taster found that it was the Israeli wine which he had found superior. It is a testimonial to his integrity and professional standing that he reported his findings in a respected American wine journal.

Israeli wines are not generally known for their excellence. When the average American wine-lover hears the words kosher wine, he thinks of something sweet and syrupy that sells well in poor black neighbourhoods. A premium wine from Israel not only has to prove its worth; it also has to overcome all the built-in prejudice in the wine industry.

Thinking on this monumental task is Shimshon Welner, a dynamic kibbutznik from the Golan Heights, who admits that until a few years ago he had not the vaguest idea of how a fine wine tasted. Now he displays all the symptoms of a wine fanatic.

WELNER MIGHT have remained an average kibbutznik, happy to take a sip of sweet wine on a Friday night, had it not been for Dr. Cornelius Ough, who visited Israel in 1972 to advise local wineries on behalf of the UN Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO). A professor at the University of California at Davis and an internationally renowned wine expert, Ough found that the best area for white wine was in the Golan.

One of the factors which led him to this conclusion is a rather complicated system by which the mean monthly temperature above 50° Fahrenheit between April 1 and October 31 is added up. The lower the resulting figure, the better the area is for white wine grapes. The Moselle area in Germany and Santa Barbara, California, both fall into the first regional classification with 2,500 degrees or less.

Among the areas in the second regional classification are the Napa Valley, also in California, while the Golan, with between 3,000° and 3,500° is in the third regional division. In Italy, Florence lies in the heart of a fourth division, while the Tel Aviv area belongs to the fifth group of regions.

According to the experts, the best white wines come from the first three groups of regions. But the Golan is

A taste of success

HAIM SHAPIRO visits a new winery on the Golan Heights



even better than its third-grade classification indicates, largely because its daytime temperatures, even in midsummer, are not very high. Thus the mean is not the result of intense heat during the day and deep chills at night, but overall cool weather.

Following the visit, the Golan settlements convinced the World Zionist Organization to back them in setting up a few experimental vineyards. But the grapes were sold in bulk to local wineries, and the settlers had no indication of what kind of wine they were making. In 1982, they asked one of the smaller wineries to produce seven tons of sauvignon grapes separately.

"I KNOW NOW that they made the wine under terrible conditions," Welner says, but it was still the best white sauvignon in the country. Then I went to the U.S. with some wine to try to sell it. When I realized what I was up against, I threw it out."

But he did make contact with Alfred Fromm, son of a family of vintners from the Franconia wine district of Germany. Fromm, who came

to the U.S. in the 1930s, was for many years the exclusive representative of The Christian Brothers winery in the Napa Valley. He told Welner that if he wanted to sell wine in the U.S., he would have to acquire American know-how.

This was not as easy as it might sound. The local rabbis insisted that everyone working at the winery must be Jewish and there are not that many U.S. Jewish oenologists anxious to go off to the Golan Heights.

Finally they found Philip Steinschreiber, a good-natured Californian who freely admits that before coming to the Golan he wouldn't have thought of drinking kosher wine. And they kept sending sample bottles to Fromm, whose comments progressed from "good" to "very good" to "excellent."

AT LAST they were ready to bottle. They sent Fromm a list of almost 300 possible names, from which he chose "Yarden." He also approved the classically simple label, designed by Yaacov Shilo. Instead of the large

kosher markings one usually sees on wine, Yarden has only a tiny symbol in the corner, indicating that it is certified as kosher by the Union of Orthodox Hebrew Congregations, the largest U.S. kashrut supervision body.

Then Welner returned to the U.S. with his wine. Before going out with him, Fromm insisted that Welner dress the part. "They made me spend \$350 on a suit and tie, shirt, even shoes and socks," he says with a look of injured innocence. But wine sellers were still wary of any wine from Israel or any kosher wine.

One prominent Jewish wine seller refused point-blank to taste Welner's product and had to be tricked by his son into tasting a glass, which he then pronounced worthy. Now, with a pilot production of only 250,000 bottles, the winery is hard pressed to fill its orders.

With an estimated retail price approaching \$10 in the U.S., Welner sees little market for his product in Israel. The winery is, however, considering granting exclusive selling rights to Jerusalem's King David

Hotel. Here Welner feels it will get the kind of exposure it needs with wealthy and sophisticated foreign tourists, who will, he hopes, look for the wine when they return home.

IT WAS THUS that, on a crisp autumn morning, I found myself in the yard of a Golan packing house, tasting wine with Welner, Steinschreiber and Yosef Kravi, assistant general manager of the King David. Since neither Welner nor Steinschreiber is observant, the wine was poured for us by a member of a religious Golan settlement.

In addition to the natural characteristics of the grapes, the white wines in particular benefit from a long, slow fermentation process that can last for up to 28 days. This is accomplished by keeping the wine at a low temperature through refrigeration while it is fermenting, and it results in a rich, full bouquet. A special lightness, which makes the wine seem almost to dance on one's tongue, evidently comes from the volcanic soil in which the grapes are grown.

Stressing that the wines were not yet ready, Steinschreiber led us through a tasting session that was a real pleasure, with the aroma almost seeming to jump out at us. An emerald reising from Yonatan had, he told us, the aroma of peaches, while a Semillon from the same kibbutz was "very grassy." A French Colombard from Geshar was reminiscent of "tropical fruit," while a Cabernet Sauvignon from that kibbutz had a hint of spinach with berries.

NOR COULD WE miss a visit to the vineyards, even though the vines have all but settled down for the winter. At El Rom, 1,100 metres above sea level, we could see Mt. Hermon in one direction and the rebuilt Syrian town of Kuneitra in the other.

Not too far away is one of the possible sites of what could be the new Golan winery - if the settlements get the backing they want from the government. Their quest for government help has not been easy. During his tenure, former agriculture minister Pessah Grupper, himself a winegrower, did all he could to squelch the project.

Now, with ever-increasing clamps on government spending, it seems highly unlikely that the \$35m. requested will be allocated, even if the expected annual turnover is \$30m. If he can't get help from the government, Welner says, he will not hesitate to turn to private investors.

Meanwhile, the site stands on a hilltop with a magnificent view. Welner is already visualizing the busloads of tourists who will drive through the vineyard to taste the wine and eat lunch in the adjacent restaurant.

(Above) Philip Steinschreiber and Shimshon Welner tasting wine straight from oak barrels; (below, left to right) the vineyards; the insulated stainless steel fermentation vats; Steinschreiber in the lab.



FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1984

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE SEVEN

A touch of genius

Meir Ronnen



Sergei Eisenstein's "Corrida," a parody of St. Veronica in Mexico in the mid-thirties. Below: a sketch for a scene from the march on Novgorod in "Ivan the Terrible" (1942).



FILM BUFFS may be surprised to learn that pioneer film-maker Sergei Eisenstein (1898-1948) began his creative career as a cartoonist and agitprop artist during the turmoil of the Russian Revolution. A show of lithographic facsimiles of drawings by Eisenstein opens this Sunday at the Jerusalem Cinematheque Museum, which also owns two original pencil drawings by him.

The bulk of the show is made up of nearly 100 loose-leaf photo-litho prints from a set of four rare memorial albums printed in Leningrad in the sixties; the set was acquired by Lia Van Leer, founder-director of the Cinematheque, during a visit to Russia. It was produced by the Association of Film-makers of the USSR.

One of the albums is devoted to Eisenstein's sketches of characters and costumes for his last great (and unfinished) trilogy, *Ivan the Terrible*. Another is devoted to sets and costumes for the theatre; and a third to drawings made during a disastrous trip to Mexico. The fourth album is devoted to more general subjects and includes some very early cartoons. The two original line drawings in pencil are two different versions of Werther committing suicide, one of them a rather humorous self-decapitation that anticipates cartoon masters like Steig and Steinberg.

Some of the colour facsimiles are so good that they faithfully resemble the original watercolour and gouache sketches (others were made



in pencil, with or without a touch of colour). Eisenstein was virtually self-taught and did not bother with details of hands or feet. But he had a marvellous eye for character and movement, coupled with real inventiveness. Above all, he was blessed with an irreverent sense of humour, though it was of course easier for him to poke fun at the Church and the corrida in Mexico than it was for him to send up anything at home. He equated the martyrdom of the bull with that of Jesus (and spoke of the martyrdom of the Mexican people). After drawing St. Veronica with the image of Jesus on the cloth, he drew the bull with its image on the face of the torero's cape. The touch is so light that the satire slips in as easily as a bare bodkin.

SERGEI MIKHAILOVITCH. Eisenstein was born in Riga to a Russian mother and an engineer-architect father of German-Jewish origin. At 10, Sergei was fluent in English, German, French and Russian (he later studied Japanese). His parents separated when he was eight, and the boy was brought up chiefly by his father, who had Sergei follow in his footsteps by sending him to the Institute of Civil Engineering in St. Petersburg. In 1917 the school became a militia centre and Eisenstein began contributing cartoons to the *Petersburg Gazette*, signing them "St. Gay," as can be seen in a

number of the prints on show here. After the October Revolution Eisenstein, like the other students, joined the Red Army; his father, enlisted with the Whites.

After serving in a Red Army construction unit till late in 1919, Eisenstein wangled a transfer into a theatrical troupe that was soon incorporated into a political unit. Segregated agitprop trains carried Politruks to the front and eventually got a job doing sets for the Proletkult Theatre. He soon became the artistic director of one of its branches and began to experiment with methods of shock montage that later gave films their unique character.

Eisenstein used the Proletkult facilities to make his first film, *Son* (1923), though his experience in film-making was limited to helping his friend Esther Shub recut a film made in Germany, by Fritz Lang. *Pravda* praised *Son* as revolutionary in every way but the commissar thought it deviationist. However Eisenstein made his reputation overnight with the classic *Battleship Potemkin* (1925), a work of innovative genius; its electrifying Odessa steps scene (an incident that never took place) has entered the Valhalla of cinema history.

Eisenstein went on to become for a while - the unchallenged master of cinema in Russia.

But he was soon to be harried by officialdom in both Russia and the West. Eisenstein visited Berlin, Lausanne, Paris, Hollywood and Mexico City, but despite being a star attraction, was hounded by suspicious officials in the West as well. He eventually began working on a film about Mexico sponsored by Soviet Upton Sinclair, who let him do just before he finished the film, leaving him stranded without funds.

Back in Russia, things went better. The Union of Cinematographic Workers snubbed him on his 15th anniversary of the Revolution. In 1937, one of his films was ordered stopped by the state production apparatus, who also attacked him in *Pravda*. Eisenstein, sick at heart, was forced to renounce his own work and publicly confess his "errors". His submission earned him a reprieve and a chance to work on the great *Alexander Nevsky* (1938) which was commissioned from Eisenstein by the state.

His anti-German message first delighted the Russians, though it was withdrawn when Moscow signed its 1939 pact with the Nazis.

EISENSTEIN'S LAST great work was about Ivan the Terrible, the czar who unified Russia in the 16th century. Eisenstein made hundreds of sketches of every detail of the film and thus had the whole thing clear in his mind before he had his camera rolling. Part One was completed in 1944 and was such a success that it brought Eisenstein a Stalin Prize... and a heart attack. When Stalin saw Part Two he nearly had heart attack too; the film was banned, denounced by the Central Committee of the Communist Party for having represented Ivan as weak and indecisive character.

Part Three was cleared by Stalin after a secret meeting with Eisenstein, but its completion was continually postponed because of the director's failing health. Eisenstein continued teaching and added a more essays to his large body of theoretical works, but died of a heart attack just after his 50th birthday.

Eisenstein's genius flowered in cinema, not at the drawing board. But the brilliant notes for ideas, costumes and types now on display at the Cinematheque give us a fascinating glimpse of the hand and mind of a great creative genius at work.

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN - By Dalton Trumbo. Tzavta production. About a 20-year-old U.S. soldier who returns home wounded during W.W.I. (Gedat Be'har, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

SHE WASN'T HERE - A woman's past becomes her present reality. (Pargol, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Tzavta, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

"TEHLIL" - By Shai Agmon. Khan Theatre production. A combination of variegated Jerusalem characters. (Khan Theatre, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE TROJAN WAR WILL NOT TAKE PLACE - By Jean Giraudoux. Haifa Municipal Theatre production. Why do wars break out? (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area
ALL MY SONS EXCEPT NAOMI OR THE SHORES OF SWITZERLAND - Beit Leisn production. A satire on Israeli society. (Nahumi, tomorrow, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

AMERICAN BUFFALO - By David Mamet. Beit Leisn production. A portrait of people living on the borderline of the underworld. (Beit Leisn, tonight at 9.30 p.m., Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

BEHIND THE FENCE - By Chaim Nachman Rialik. A musical love story produced by Habimah. (Habimah, Large Hall, Sunday through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS - By Neil Simon. Habimah production. Comedy and cynicism in the memoirs of Brooklyn in 1937. (Habimah, Large Hall, tomorrow at 6 and 9.15 p.m.)

THE CHINESE KNIFE GRINDER - Yuval Theatre production. Tel Aviv, 1942, in the shadow of W.W.II. (Neve Zedek, tonight at 10 p.m., tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE DANCE OF GENSHIS COHEN - A Jew and a Nazi veteran in Germany in the fifties. (Beit Leisn, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE DOLL'S HOUSE - By Ibsen. Habimah production. (Habimah, Small Hall, Monday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

HOLE IN LOVE - One-man monodrama. (Old Jaffa, Hasimah, Monday at 8.45 p.m.)

THE INTELLECTUAL, THE WHORE AND THE CLOWN - Mini musical. Hasimah production. (Old Jaffa, Hasimah, tonight at 9.30 p.m., Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

INTIMACY - By Sartre. Hasimah production. Two women friends and their complicated relations with men. (Old Jaffa, Hasimah, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN - See Jerusalem. (Tzavta, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

KREUTZER SONATA - By Tolstoy. Beit Leisn production. A study of sex and jealousy. (Peish Tikva, Mofet, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - Conductor and narrator Arich Vardi. Works by Telemann, Buxtehude, Vivaldi and others. (Kfar Sava, Auditorium, Tuesday at 5.30 p.m.; Tel Aviv Museum, Wednesday, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.; 6 p.m.)

PANTOMIME - With Yoram Boker. (Old Jaffa, Hasimah, tomorrow at 12.30 p.m.)

PRETTY BUTTERFLY - Entertainment from the TV series. Ages 3-6. (Old Jaffa, Hasimah, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

SHE MET A GOAT - Musical theatre for ages 12-18. (Beit Arif, 25 Shaul Hamelch, Thursday at 4 p.m.)

WHO KNOWS THE MAN IN THE WALLS - Musical puppet show for ages 3-12. (Beit Leisn, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

THE WAY BEHIND THE SHADOW - Puppet theatre for ages 4-7. The story of a kind monster. (Tel Aviv Theatre, Monday at 4.30 p.m.)

(p.m.) Beit Leisn, Upper Cellar, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

MARSHALL CASE - Imaginary meeting between Golda Meir and Raymond Tawil. (Tzavta, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

MEASURE FOR MEASURE - Comedy by Shakespeare produced by the Camera Theatre. (Camera, tomorrow through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

NIGHT PEOPLE - Short stories by Shalom Mithelpunkt. Tzavta production. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m., Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

SANGER - Habimah production. About the Tel Aviv drug world. (Habimah, Large Hall, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m., Thursday at 5 and 8.30 p.m.)

TORCH SONG TRILOGY - Beit Leisn production. Fight of a Jewish-American homecoming to live his own life in his own way. (Beit Leisn, tomorrow, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

WAR AT HOME - By James Duff. Habimah production. A U.S.A. soldier re-adjusting to life in Dallas after Vietnam. (Habimah, Small Hall, tomorrow, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

"ZIMRI" - Kibbutz Theatre production. About three soldiers. (Beit Arif, 25 Shaul Hamelch, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

Haifa
"BOTCHIA" - Haifa Municipal Theatre production. A Jewish student renounces religion justifying. (Wadi Salib Theatre, tomorrow through Monday at 8.30 p.m., Wednesday at 4.30 and 8.30 p.m.)

EDMUND KEAN - Beit Leisn production. With Yossi Banai portraying the character of the 19th century British actor. (Beit Abba Khoushy, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN - See Jerusalem. (Wadi Salib Theatre, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

LIES - Cameri production. About the friendship between two families. (Haifa Theatre, tomorrow through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

TORCH SONG TRILOGY - See T.A. (Beit Abba Khoushy, tonight at 10 p.m.)

Others
THE FRONT PAGE - Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. American comedy about the newspaper world. (Beersheba, Theatre, tomorrow, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

GHETTO - Haifa Municipal Theatre production. About a theatre group in the Vilna Ghetto. (Ramle, Hechal Hatarbut, Tuesday at 11 a.m., 9 p.m.; Kfar Sava, Hechal Hatarbut, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

GLENGARRY GLEN ROSS - By David Mamet. Habimah production. About the business world in America. (Beersheba, Theatre, Sunday through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

PASADOBLA - Israeli play about a crazy night in a couple's life. Tzavta production. (Neve Ziona, Tzavta, tonight at 8.30 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem

DREAM - Puppet theatre for ages 5 and above. (Tel Aviv Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO - Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday, Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

SCENT OF COOKING - Puppet theatre for ages 3 and above. (Tel Aviv Theatre, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

STORY-TELLING HOUR - For ages 4-6. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

THE WAY BEHIND THE SHADOW - Puppet theatre for ages 4-7. The story of a kind monster. (Tel Aviv Theatre, Monday at 4.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - Conductor and narrator Arich Vardi. Works by Telemann, Buxtehude, Vivaldi and others. (Kfar Sava, Auditorium, Tuesday at 5.30 p.m.; Tel Aviv Museum, Wednesday, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.; 6 p.m.)

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WHO KNOWS THE MAN IN THE WALLS - Musical puppet show for ages 3-12. (Beit Leisn, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)



Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd and Harold Ramis challenge New York's phantoms in "Ghostbusters." (See review, page 17)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem
ADVENTURES IN JAZZ - With well-known musicians. (Pargol, today at 1.30 p.m., Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM - Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

INNOCENT OF CRIME - Danny Sanderson's new show. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

JAZZ - Freddie Weigal, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Gladstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nahlas Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ SPECIAL - Chris Francis, saxophone and flute; Charles Alexander, guitar; Eli Magen, bass; Menachem Weisenberg, piano; Jerry Garvel, drums and percussion. (Zionit Federation House, Emily Botta St., Yemin Moshe, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

THE TROJAN WAR WILL NOT TAKE PLACE - By Jean Giraudoux. Haifa Municipal Theatre production. Why do wars break out? (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELANGE MALKA - With new Diagona Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

STORIES FROM THE GOLDEN BOX - Baruch Rush, professional story-teller, tells some of her favourites (in English). (Tzavta, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

JAZZ - Danny Gottfried, piano; Albert Pimental, flute, clarinet; Teddy King, cello contrabass. (Cafe Pils, 84 Hayarkon, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

JAZZ EVENING - (Old Jaffa, Hasimah, tomorrow at 10.30 p.m., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

THE MAGICAL TRIO - Jazz with Michael Greenblatt, Eli Dirsail, Zipora Bar-Yehuda. (Dan Hotel, Monday at 8 p.m.)

THE ISRAELI FLUTE QUARTET - Uri Shoham, flute; Ralek Frenkel, violin; Robert

THE TAVERNERS - American and Irish folk music, country music, jazz. (Pargol, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area
ARIEL ZILBER - Evening of songs. (Beit Leisn, Upper Cellar, tonight at 11 p.m.)

BETWEEN BELLS - Musical about a school. (Beit Leisn, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

DANCE - Shlomo Arzi's new programme. (Tzavta, tonight at 9.30 p.m. and midnight)

DUOS AND QUARTET - Folk songs with The Dudaim and The Pavlovim. (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, tonight at 9.45 p.m., tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

IN THE DRESSING ROOM - Solo show with singer Sandra Johnson. (Habimah, Mofet, tonight at 10 p.m.; Old Jaffa, Hasimah, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.; Tzavta, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ - Danny Gottfried, piano; Albert Pimental, flute, clarinet; Teddy King, cello contrabass. (Cafe Pils, 84 Hayarkon, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

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THE ISRAELI FLUTE QUARTET - Uri Shoham, flute; Ralek Frenkel, violin; Robert

ROTATION SATIRE - Tzavta Tzafir. Men Peet. (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, tonight at 10.15 a.m.)

SONGS OF ERETZ ISRAEL - With Nahum Heman and guests. (ZODA House, 1 Fresh, tonight at 10 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR - With well-known musicians. (Beit Leisn, Sunday at 10 p.m.)

Haifa
ELECTRONIC SUMMER - With Tzavta Pils. (Kiryat Haim, Beit Ha'am, tonight at 10 p.m.)

GILA ALMAGOR - In her programme of songs, "Almost Strong". (Beit Abba Khoushy, tonight at 10 p.m.)

INNOCENT OF CRIME - See Jerusalem. (Haifa Auditorium, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

Others
APPLES OF GOLD - Colour documentary film recounting the rise of the State of Israel. (Elit, Mofet, Tuesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

HASSIDIC KLEZMER MUSIC - (Ramot Hasharon, Yuval, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

JAZZ PIANO DUO - Eli Meiri and Ofer Portugali. (Ramot Hasharon, Yuval, Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

BACH MORNING - Ranan Eilon, flute; David Shemer, harpsichord. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

ORGAN CONCERT - Elisabeth Roloff. Works by Messiaen. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, tomorrow)

MISCHA MAISKY AND GUESTS - Jonathan Zak, piano; Idit Shemer, flute; Igal Tunch, violin. Works by Bach, Handel. (Israel Museum, Monday)

IN MEMORY OF VIOLINIST DAVID OISTRAKH - Works by Schubert, Tchaikovsky, Michael Goldstein. (Zionit Confederation House, Emily Botta St., Yemin Moshe, Tuesday at 6.30 p.m.)

MUSIC-LISTENING CIRCLE - Semadar Carmi-Oberman on opera. (Tzavta, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

COMPOSERS ON COMPOSERS - Andre Hajdu on Franz Liszt. (Zionit Confederation House, Wednesday)

ETNAITA SERIES - Bonek Dickson, piano. Works by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Ravel, Bartok, Liszt. (YMCA, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area
THE ISRAELI FLUTE QUARTET - Uri Shoham, flute; Ralek Frenkel, violin; Robert

Moses, viola; Yoram Alperin, cello. With Alice Cilles, harp. (Anatoli, Haim Yuval, oboe. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

MUSICAMERA ENSEMBLE - Idit Zvi, piano; Abraham Melamed, violin; Irit Livne, viola; Shulamit Loren, cello; Yoram Livne, viola. With Yossi Arheim, flute. Mozart quartet. (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow)

TRIO BORR - Violin, cello, piano. Works by Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn. (Old Jaffa, Immanuel Church, 9 Beer Hoffman, tomorrow)

THE ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - Conductor Herbert Blomstedt. Soloist Boris Berman, harpsichord. Works by Handel, Bach, Mozart. (Mann Auditorium, Monday)

THE ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - Conductor Herbert Blomstedt. Soloist Boris Berman, harpsichord. Works by Handel, Bach, Mozart. (Mann Auditorium, Monday)

Haifa
HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA - Conductor Gidon Saks. Soloist Rami Sperber, piano. Works by Beethoven, Schubert, Liszt, Brahms-Schoenberg. (Kiryat Haim, Beit Nagler, tomorrow; Haifa Auditorium, Sunday)

THE ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - See T.A., tomorrow. (Haifa Auditorium, Tuesday)

Others
VIVALDI, BACH AND OTHERS - Violin,

viola, cello and harpsichord. (Ramot Hasharon, Yuval, tonight at 10 p.m.)

THE ISRAELI SINFONETTA - Conductor Geoffrey Simon. Soloists Moshe Epstein, flute; Sara Fuxon-Hayman, piano. Works by Tchaikovsky, Schubert, Chamade, Ibert, Ben-Haim. (Beersheba, Conservatorium, tomorrow; Afeka, Hechal Hatarbut, Sunday at 8 p.m.)

SONATAS AND TRIOS - Recorder, cello, Baroque flute, harpsichord. Works by Handel, Bismontier, Bach and others. (Ramot Hasharon, Yuval, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

THE PIANO QUARTET - Yair Klees, Gadi Levicoff, Emmanuel Gruber, Milka Laks. Works by Mozart, Avni, Brahms. (Beersheba, Conservatorium, Sunday)

THE ISRAELI FLUTE QUARTET - Uri Shoham, flute; Ralek Frenkel, violin; Robert

DANCE
Jerusalem
THE ISRAELI BALLET - New works by Berta Yampolsky, Jan Linkens, Matias Peipa. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Material for publication must be at The Jerusalem Post office in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication. (For last minute changes in programmes or times of performance, please contact box office.)

(Continued on page C)

JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1 ON/O in Jerusalem Cinemas

Dues 18, 19, 24, Tel. 419067

Fri., Dec. 7: Escape From New York 3.30
Blade Runner 4
Sat., Dec. 8: Dr. Strangelove 6.15
Annie Hall 8
Hill 9.30
Sun., Dec. 9: Escape From New York 4
Annie Hall 6
Dr. Strangelove 7.45
Hill 9.30
Mon., Dec. 10: Swan Lake (animated) 4
Ira La Douce 6.45
Return Of Martin Guerre 9.15
Tue., Dec. 11: Swan Lake 4
Ira La Douce 6.45
Return Of Martin Guerre 9.15
Wed., Dec. 12: Swan Lake 4
Vol 7
Last Tango In Paris 9
Thurs., Dec. 13: Swan Lake 4
Vol 7
Last Tango In Paris 9

BRIT AGRON

Morris Reicher Auditorium
George Orwell's

1984

RICHARD BURTON in his best screen performance

JOHN HURT
Based on the George Orwell classic

Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 5, 7, 9

EDEN

2nd week

RED DAWN

Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9
Tickets: Sun., Wed. IS\$90
Rest of week IS\$120

EDISON

2nd week

WOMAN IN RED

Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9
Tickets: Sun., Wed. IS\$90
Rest of week IS\$120

HABIRA

THE OMEGA MYSTERY

Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9
Tickets: Sun., Wed. IS\$90
Rest of week IS\$120

ISRAEL MUSEUM

Sat. 8.30

SPRING SYMPHONY

Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 3.30

THE FOX AND THE HOUND

Tue. 6, 8.30
REQUIEM

Kfir

3rd week

SPLASH

Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9
Tickets: Sun., Wed. IS\$90
Rest of week IS\$120

MITCHELL

DANIEL

Sat. and Weekdays 6.45, 9

ORION

8th week

PARIS, TEXAS

Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9
(No discount tickets)
Rest of week IS\$120

ORION

3rd week

GHOST BUSTERS

They're Here to Save the World

Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORNA

2nd week

RAGE AND GLORY

Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9
Tickets: 15 \$80, Sun. & Wed.

RON

11th week

BEYOND THE WALLS

Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

SEMADAR

DAY IN THE COUNTRY

Sat. and Weekdays 7.15, 9.15

SMALL AUDITORIUM

BINYENI HA'UMA

ATLANTA

Sat. and Weekdays 7, 9
Tickets: Sun., Wed. IS\$90
Rest of week IS\$120

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY

3rd week

THE OUTSIDERS

Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BEN-YEHODA

6th week

WOMAN IN RED

Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BETH HATEFUTSOH

Tue. and Thurs. 8.30

3rd week

RABBI ABRAHAM IN THE WILD WEST

CHEN CINEMA CENTRE

Advances ticket sales only at box office from 10 a.m.

CHEN 1

2nd week

RAGE AND GLORY

Fri. 9.30 p.m., 12.20 p.m.
Sat. 7.20, 9.45
Weekdays 4.45, 7.20, 9.45

CHEN 2

7th week

REUBEN REUBEN

Tonight 10, 12.15
Sat. 7.20, 9.40
Weekdays 4.45, 7.20, 9.40

CHEN 3

2nd week

SPLASH

Tonight 9.30, 11.30
Sat. 7.20, 9.45
Weekdays 4.45, 7.20, 9.45

CHEN 4

2nd week

ROMANCING THE STONE

Tonight 9.30, 12.15
Sat. 7.20, 9.45
Weekdays 4.45, 7.20, 9.45

CHEN 5

2nd week

GREY FOX

Tonight 10, 12.20
Sat. 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 10.30, 1.30, 4.45, 7.30, 9.40

CINEMA ONE

ANGEL

Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CINEMA TWO

BLUES BROTHERS

Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.30, 9.30

DEKEL

2nd week

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

Sat. and Weekdays 7.30, 9.30

DRIVE-IN

Sat. and Weekdays 5.30

BUGS BUNNY

Sat. and Weekdays 9.30

CANNONBALL II

Fri. 12.15 p.m.
Sat. and Weekdays 12 midnight
Sex Film

ESTHER

2nd week

LOVE - STRANGE LOVE

Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

GAT

5th week

CARMEN

Sat. 6.30, 9.30
Weekdays 3.30, 6.30, 9.30

GORDON GITTIL

87 BEN YEHODA

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Israel Premiere

1984

RICHARD BURTON in his best screen performance

JOHN HURT

based on the George Orwell classic.

Sat. 7.20, 9.35
Weekdays 4.45, 7.20, 9.35

OLD JAFFA MALL

4 Pasteur St., Jaffa, Tel. 836106

1984

Gala Opening tonight 10, 11.45

HOD

9th week

TOP SECRET

Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LEVY

11th week

BEYOND THE WALLS

Tonight 9.30, 11.30
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.45, 4.45, 7.15, 9.30

LEVY

8th week

DUTY FREE MARRIAGE

Tonight 9.30, 11.30
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 1.45, 4.45, 7.30, 9.30

LTOR

HARRY AND SON

Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MAXIM

3rd week

ZIGZAG STORY

Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MOGRABI

3rd week

GHOST BUSTERS

Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ONLY

2nd week

THE BOUNTY

Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

PARIS

4th week

ATLANTA

Tonight 10, 12 Midnight
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 12, 2, 4, 7.30, 9.30

PEER

LASSITER

* TOM SELLECK
* JANE SEYMOUR
* LAUREN HUTTON
Tonight 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

SHAIAT

6th and last week

MARIA'S LOVERS

Fri. 9.45 p.m., midnight
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30
Sat. 11 a.m.
MAD MOON

STUDIO

4th week

KARATE KID

Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TAMUZ

Cinema Ramat Aviv

Tel. 412761

2nd week

Sat. and Weekdays 7.15, 9.30

DANTON

TCHETET

THE HERD

Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV

RED DAWN

Today 2.15 and 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM

5th week

LOS SANTOS INOCENTES

Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.30, 9.30

ZAFON

9th week

PARIS, TEXAS

Tonight 10
Sat. 6.45, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9.30

HAIFA Cinemas

AMPHITHEATRE

2nd week

NINJA II

* SHO KUBUKA
* LUCINDA DICKY
Special price: 15000 during week
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

ARMON

3rd week

GHOST BUSTERS

They are here to save the world

* DAN AYCKROYD
* BILL MURRAY
Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

ATZMON

LASSITER

* TOM SELLECK
* JANE SEYMOUR
Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

CHEN

11th week

BEYOND THE WALLS

Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

MORIAH

ATLANTA

* MICHAEL BAT ADAM
5, 7, 9
Thursday - midnight show

ORAH

5th week

WOMAN IN RED

* KILLIE BROOK
* GENE WILDER
Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

ONLY

3rd week

MOSCOW ON THE HUDSON

Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4.45, 9

PEER

2nd week

RAGE AND GLORY

* JULIANO MAR
* HANNA AZULAI
Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

RON

11th week Festival Week

Sat. and Sun.: REAR WINDOW

Mon-Thurs.: DIFFERENT FILM

DAILY

Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

SHAVIT

1984

Tickets IS\$1,000

Sat. and Weekdays 7, 9.15

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

ARMON

2nd week

RAGE AND GLORY

Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 7.15, 9.30

Mel. 4.30

MYSTERY OF THE JUNGLE

ATZMAUT

STREETS OF FIRE

Sat. and Weekdays 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BAT YAM CINEMA

MAYBE AVI NESHER should consider the possibility of directing other people's scripts in future, instead of his own. He is, without any doubt, a meticulous director who knows how to use a movie camera; he gives painstaking attention to sets and costumes; he keeps his picture moving at a brisk pace and makes great demands on his actors.

This is very much in evidence all through his new film, *Rage and Glory*. But once this is noted to his credit, the picture itself is left floating in a vacuum, incapable of establishing any contact with its audience.

This is strange, because the premise couldn't be more accurately defined. The story takes place in March 1942, in Jerusalem. It concerns a certain operation initiated by Lehi (better known at the time as the Stern Gang) against the British.

According to Neshet, the plot is a combination of several real-life operations, and some of the characters are obviously inspired by real persons. Thus, for instance, the announcer for the underground Lehi broadcasts is based, at least in part, on Gershon Cohen, who filled that position.

Yet in spite of all these factual details, this is an almost abstract movie. Not only is there no clear indication of the ideology behind the terrorist actions; the whole plot seems to exist in a sort of air bubble of its own. No other resistance

movements against the British are even mentioned, no Hagana and no Etzel. The deep friction between different segments of the Jewish population in Palestine is barely mentioned. The terrifying shadow of the Holocaust is virtually ignored.

It is as if the film was not dealing with a precise organization, acting at a precise time for a precise purpose, but was an abstract treatise on terrorism in general, with the British happening to play the villains, and Lehi the heroes. On these terms, this could have been a movie about the French *maquis*, the Tupamaros in Uruguay, the IRA in Ulster, or, for that matter, the Maccabees fighting the Roman Empire.

IN PRINCIPLE, there is nothing wrong about using an episode from our recent history in order to discuss a topic that has been a burning issue all over the world, for at least 10 years. But if that was the purpose, psychological and social content are absolutely essential, and both are sadly missing. All we are offered is action, plenty of action. But action is only the final stage of terrorism, and any discussion on this subject would have to go deeper than that.

Now, let's suppose for a moment that the historical basis for this film is just an excuse, a comfortable background for a stylish, out-and-out thriller. Even the nature of terrorism is secondary: action is all.

Terror in a vacuum



Giuliano Mer in "Rage and Glory."

CINEMA
Dan Fainaru

If this is the case, there are two objections to be raised. First, for any action to capture the audience's imagination, it has to feature characters strong enough to elicit sympathy and identification. Neshet, howev-

er, supplies cardboard stereotypes, systematically rejecting any temptation to develop them. Tantalizing bits of information are spread around thinly. One character is known by his code name, Eddie the Butcher, an ominous indication of his potential that is neither explained nor substantiated. He appears to have had some sort of affair with the announcer, but it is considered irrelevant for the audience to know why it came to an end. Indeed, it seems to be Neshet's view that the less known about the characters in this film the better.

Even this spare approach could have worked, up to a point, had the cast been experienced or authoritative enough to compensate, through their own screen presence, for the script's shortcomings. But Neshet's actors, disciplined as they are, and performing every action required of them without flinching, cannot fill the gap.

THEN THERE is the plot, which must have been regarded as of negligible importance; otherwise it would have been more carefully fashioned.

One of the first rules in any serious film-making manual indicates a simple method of generating suspense. Imagine a man walking along and suddenly slipping on a banana peel. This could be mildly entertaining. Now, to make the same scene work,

first show the man walking towards the peel, then show the peel, then back to the man, and back again to the peel. You've achieved suspense leading to a climax: will he or won't he step on it and fall flat on his face?

As experienced a director as David Lean quoted this as one of the basics of film editing. But in Avi Neshet's film there is no banana peel anywhere. Instead, there is febrile movement, a general thrust in the direction of "Hurt the British." The exact purpose of each action that we are asked to watch is left to our imagination, with no helpful hints along the way.

Sub-plots are introduced here and there to create temporary tension. At a certain point, there is a clear indication that a traitor has penetrated the organization, but that is the beginning and end of the matter. There is a love story, rather tepid in the first sequences, suddenly becoming torrid for no apparent reason, and then fading into insignificance.

All of which brings us back to the initial proposition that Avi Neshet might do better if he let someone else write his scripts. He is evidently more demanding of his crew than of himself as a writer.

In *Rage and Glory*, he has certainly achieved impressive visual results: the background is taken care of to the last detail; cameraman David Gurfinkel does a great job; the spe-

(Continued on page 4)

I WAS "discovered" on the corner of Dizengoff and Frishman Streets in Tel Aviv by a woman with a clipboard. She was looking for blond, blue-eyed types to play British soldiers in an Israeli film, *Rage and Glory*, about the Stern Group's underground fight against the British in Palestine.

Two weeks later, I joined the film crew at the numbing hour of 5.30 a.m. and we drove to the shooting location, a private military museum situated between Neveh Zedek and Jaffa.

After breakfast, I had my first surprise - a military haircut that was sprayed stiff as a dead cat. Those who refused to have their hair chopped and embalmed were sent home.

Next I was rushed to the wardrobe trailer, where I changed into a khaki uniform. The shoes were long, black boots and the pants, held up by suspenders, came to just below my chest. I looked like a green penguin - not exactly the image I had in mind for my film debut - but I was saved by a change of blobs and an overcoat that hid the pants.

Then I was rushed to the make-up trailer, where powder was patted on my face and liner wedged under my blinking eye. The outfit was topped off with a red beret, and suddenly I was transformed into a British soldier.

AS IN the army, the expression "Hurry up and wait" best describes the life of a movie extra. Next to me were other extras who were "found" as I was, or who had answered an ad in the paper. Because of the need to be on constant call and the long working days, most of them came from the ranks of the unemployed: students, the elderly or tourists. We plebeians were segregated from the main cast, in terms of the food, which was somewhat degrading.

To keep from going stir crazy, people from different generations and countries swapped stories, sunbathed, read, listened to Walkman sets - and when all else failed, slept. I nervously pondered the possibilities of my role - I had no idea that I was destined to be blown up and killed more than once.

I spent part of the time talking with some of the cast, and stumbled across an historical curiosity: Barry Langford, the actor who plays a character based on the despised Captain Roy Farran, told me he once had been picked to assassinate the Englishman. Langford, who is also a director for Israel Television, said he had been designated by the Stern Gang to kill Farran in London in 1946, but "couldn't pull the trigger."

I HAD LONG decided that my existence had been completely forgotten when I received an urgent summons to get to the set. I was hustled into a building decorated to

Extra time

JORDAN LEWIS
discovers what it's like
to be in the movies.



Period prop; playing dead



look like a British operational headquarters 40 years ago. An assistant director positioned me behind a desk and explained that I was to interrogate a suspected "freedom fighter," using a British accent that I do not possess. I began parroting "Name?" over and over again, using variations of what I imagined to be cockney and attracting strange looks from other members of the cast.

While wardrobe personnel made me feel important by repeatedly readjusting my beret and brushing away seemingly invisible lint, I was able to take note of the movie and the Englishman. Langford, who is also a director for Israel Television, said he had been designated by the Stern Gang to kill Farran in London in 1946, but "couldn't pull the trigger."

We were ready for a practice take.

When they called "Extra," I visualized myself obscurely in the background, but the camera was on tracks that led straight to me.

"Quiet!" yelled Neshet; and then "Action!" The camera inched forward. I could see the lens directly in front of me.

"Na-ame, na-ame," I squeaked, my voice oscillating like that of a boy who has just hit puberty.

"Cut!" "Do you think you could sound a bit tougher?" the assistant director asked, and I nodded sheepishly. He told me to call the suspect a son-of-a-bitch, just mouthing my words: the soundtrack would be added later.

Finally, after a dozen or more takes - somewhat boring, but that's film biz - it was a "wrap" and my part was over for the moment.

BEFORE THE DAY was done, I discovered that things can and do go wrong in the making of a movie.

A Molotov cocktail that was thrown failed to ignite, and though the next time it exploded, extras who were supposed to cry out in fear ended up sounding as if they were at a Michael Jackson concert.

There were minor injuries such as gunpowder burns and barbed-wire cuts. An extra playing a kidnapped British officer was thrown in and out of a truck so often that by the end of the shooting he was wobbling around like a drunk.

Eventually it was time for most of the soldiers to, as John Wayne would say, "bite the dust" - many of them more than once. The pyrotechnic boys rigged electrically-detonated, fake blood-packs to clothing; and some "died" with fake blood pouring out - a dramatic, and sometimes painful and confusing way to go. One extra, during filming right after his pack exploded, kept grabbing at different parts of his body, because he thought they had been blown off.

I was chosen to do a stunt death, and when I saw the camera crew covering behind a heavy board for protection, I wondered just what I was getting myself into. The stunt coordinator assured me that everything would be fine; his main concern was that I should not freeze and stand there looking dumb when I heard the explosion.

The bomb exploded and I threw my rifle into the air and did a flying leap onto a thick, foam pad and "died." But movie extras have more lives than cats and I had to die again because the bomb was not in the frame; and then I had to lie still and play dead, covered with fake blood and dirt, not moving for over an hour, until I felt as stiff as a real corpse.

In Israel and other countries, where the film industry isn't unionized, extras' pay is minimal and though the work isn't usually hard, it's extremely tedious. Yet you do get plenty of time to fantasize.

The three together are an explosive combination, and once they start working on Sigourney Weaver's refrigerator, stuffed with all sorts of evil creatures behaving in a most discourteous manner, all hell breaks loose.

Frankly, it is all a big, fat, overblown joke, held together by the insouciance of the three leads, the perfection of the special effects, the crazy tempo of director Ivan Reitman, who thrives on ridicule, and by the spirits themselves, probably distant relatives of the Canterville and Thorne Smith ghosts.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1984

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

This Week in Israel • The MUSEUMS TEL AVIV

The Beth Hatefutsoth Museum of the Jewish Diaspora

Visiting hours: Sun., Mon., Tues., Thurs. 10 am-5 pm; Wed. 10 am-9 pm. Friday and Saturday - closed. Children under 9 are not admitted. Organized tour must be prearranged (Sun.-Thurs. 9 am-1 pm, (03) 425161). Photo Archives: Sun., Thurs. 9.30 am-12.30 pm; Tues. 9.30 am-2.30 pm. Permanent Exhibit and Chronosphere - The main aspects of Jewish life in the Diaspora, presented through the most advanced graphic and audio-visual techniques.

EXHIBITIONS
1. "World of Yesterday - Jews in England, 1870-1920"
2. The Enigma of the Calvario Menorah

JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE
"Rabbi Abraham in the Wild West" The story of a "thielma" rabbi, who is sent from his village in Poland to head a Jewish congregation in San Francisco, and his wild adventure. Starring: Gene Wilder, director: Robert Aldrich. The film is in English with Hebrew subtitles. Tuesday, December 11 and Thursday, December 13 at 8.30 pm. Admission fee: IS1000 for members of Friends Association: IS800. Courtesy of bank leumi

EVENTS
The Jews of Yemen as reflected in the new Hebrew Literature in the framework of the lecture series: The Jews of Yemen in Literature and Art in cooperation with Eilat Bateman and School of Jewish Studies - Tel Aviv University. Lecturer: Chaya Hoffman; readings: Yael Zadok. Monday, December 10, 1984 at 7 pm.

Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of Tel Aviv University (Gate 2). Klausner St., Ramat Aviv, Tel. (03) 425161. Buses: 13, 24, 25, 27, 45, 48, 79, 74, 274, 672.

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This Week in Israel • The Leading Tourist Guide • This Week

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Cinematheque
DECEMBER 7 TO DECEMBER 14
Fri. at 2 pm: *Loulou* dir. Maurice Pialat
Sat. at 7.30 pm: *Muddy River* dir. Kohel Gurli
9.30 pm: *The World According to Garp* dir. George Roy Hill
Sunday: Opening of Exhibition of *Sergei Eisenstein Sketches*
Mon. at 7 pm: *Fiddler on the Roof* 10 pm: *Strike* dir. S. Eisenstein
Tues. at 4 pm: *The Black Stallion*
Returns
7 pm: *The Clowns* dir. F. Fellini
9.30 pm: *Batshalev Potemkin* dir. Sergei Eisenstein
Wed. at 7 pm: *Bezhin Meadow* dir. Sergei Eisenstein followed by *October*
9 pm: small hall *Le Signe du Lion* dir. Eric Rohmer
9.30 pm: *Die Flammierte Frau* Thurs. at 7 pm: *Dizengoff 99* dir. Avi Nesher
9.30 pm: *Jonas Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000* dir. Alain Tanner
Midnight: *Les Volontiers* dir. Bertrand Blier
Fri. at 2 pm: *Dodetudien* dir. Akira Kurosawa
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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1984

This Week in Israel - The



Jerusalem Museums
this week
at
the israel museum
jerusalem

EXHIBITIONS

THE ARMAND HAMMER COLLECTION

Ninety outstanding European and American paintings and drawings from 16th-20th centuries. (Floors 1-5, Main Hall)
SPECIAL VISITING ARRANGEMENTS:
1. The exhibition will be open Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10:00-17:00; Tues. 10:00-22:00; Fri. 10:00-14:00; Sat. 9:00-16:00.

2. Visitors are advised to purchase tickets for Saturday in advance at the Museum or at ticket agencies: Jerusalem - Klatim; Tel Aviv - Florentin, Hadron, Kestel & Le'om, Hafia - Gerber at Carmel Center; Netanya - Sigal; Bnei Brak - Marcar.
GROUPS AND CLASSES must reserve a visiting time in advance by phone by calling: (02) 633276.

3. The exhibition continues until January 5, 1986.

Elishe Gai - one-man retrospective show of one of the most prominent Israeli landscape painters (Goldman-Schwartz Hall). From December 11 at 20.30.
Moshe Kupferman: Paintings, works on paper
Meet the Israeli Artist - (Ruth Youth Wing). For children. Artists present in the gallery on Tues. 17:30-19:00; Wed. 10:30-12:00
Permanent Collection of Judaism, Art and Archaeology
AT THE ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM
Photography - For children (Paley Center, near the Rockefeller Museum)
Egypt: The Other Side of the River - funerary objects from Ancient Egypt

EVENTS

FILMS

Saturday, December 6 at 20.30
SPRING SYMPHONY (Germany 1983) - Love story between Clara and Robert Schumann; with Nastassja Kinski.
Tuesday, December 11 at 18.00 and 20.30 and Saturday, December 15 at 20.30
REQUIEM (Hungary 1982) Dir.: Zoltan Fabi, with Edith Fejt.

CHILDREN'S FILM

Sun., Mon., Wed. and Thurs. December 9, 10, 12 and 13 at 16.30
THE FOX AND THE HOUND (animated from Disney's studios)

SENIOR CITIZENS FILM

Wednesday, December 12 at 11.00
PROFILE OF AN ARTIST - MARCEL JANCO. Produced by Israel Film Service.
LECTURES

Sunday, December 8 at 20.30
WHAT IS JEWISH ART? Lecture with Prof. Bezalel Narkiss

Tuesday, December 11 at 16.15

THE ARMAND HAMMER COLLECTION - Gallery talk with Amalyah Zipkin

Wednesday, December 12 at 20.30

FAUVISM AND EXPRESSIONISM

Lecture with Dr. Adina Meir, Department of Art History, Tel Aviv University

CONCERT

Monday, December 10 at 20.30

MISCHA MAISKY AND HIS GUESTS

Jonathan Zak, piano; Idit Shemer, flute; Igal Tuneh, violin.

Programme: J.S. Bach, Handel

Courtesy of Louis Edelstein

GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH

Museum: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 11.00; also Sun. at 15.00; Tues. at 16.30

Archaeology Galleries - Special Tour: Monday at 15.00

Shrine of the Book - Special Tour: Tuesday at 15.00

Judaica and Ethnography Galleries: Thursday at 15.00

Rockefeller Museum - Special Tour: Friday at 11.00

RUTH YOUTH WING

A few places still remain on the adult art courses. Details call (02) 633276

Recycling Workshop: Monday 14.00-17.00; Tuesday 16.00-20.00

VISITING HOURS

Museum - Galleries and Shrine of the Book: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Tues. 16.00-22.00 (Shrine 10.00-22.00); Fri. & Sat. 10.00-14.00.

Library: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Tues. 16.00-20.00

Graphics Study Room: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. Fri. 11.00-13.00; Tues. 16.00-20.00

Department of Travelling Exhibitions: Sun., Thurs. 8.30-13.00; Tues. 13.00-17.00

Rockefeller Museum: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00-14.00

Tel-Ha House Gallery: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-16.30; Tues. 10.00-22.00; Fri. 10.00-13.30

Garden Cafe: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-midnight; Fri. 10.00-16.00; Sat. closed.

The Museum keeps its doors open with the help of its friends Hilda and Herman Spertus - December 9-December 15 1984

Construction work may temporarily prevent access to some galleries

Tickets for Saturdays available in advance at the Museum and at the Klatim ticket agency, Jerusalem, and Rococo in Tel Aviv.

THE ISRAEL MUSEUM IS LOCATED ON RUPPIN ST., TEL. (02) 633211

Double meaning

THEATRE
Uri Rapp

LET US RETURN to *The War at Home* by James Duff, presented by Habimah, as promised last week. The title has a double meaning: bringing the Vietnam war and its horrors into the American home and fighting out the war within the family, across the generation gap.

In Israel, of course, a play like this reminds everyone of the Lebanon War, which is still going on. But in Israel, at least, returning soldiers have not been made to suffer the contempt and blame for the war directed at political and military leaders, as they were in the U.S.

This is the story of a soldier who comes back to his family in Texas, physically unharmed but spiritually broken. To the question, "What happened in Vietnam?" he replies, "I died there." He is unable to adjust either to work or family life; and against the background of a traditional Thanksgiving dinner his conflict with American values and ways of life is played out in a particularly horrifying way.

This is not a great play. It is well done, with some patches of boring dialogue, and a stunning and completely surprising ending. Only in the last 15 minutes do we learn the real reason for the son's hatred of his father. This is something different both from the usual generation gap and from the stay-at-home's soulless misunderstanding of what youngsters in this war have been going through. I am not going to reveal the



Misha Asherov, Ehud Buchman, Meirav Garry and Miriam Zohar.

ending, since it is the climax of the play and the main tension-builder in the second part, and should come as a surprise. It's a pity, though, since it is the most significant part of the conflict and mental crisis.

THE PLAY will presumably make its way through theatres worldwide, reap great popularity and then be forgotten. Sooner or later, such a tragedy in the life of a nation will have to be treated in much profounder ways. But as it stands, the play is interesting and, in parts, gripping.

What makes this performance important is its competent direction and really good acting. Michael Meacham, as director, has given us a well-arranged performance, although the tempo might often have been speeded up, and some of the shouting is unnecessary. Local theatre has still to realize that intensity may be achieved in ways other than loud voices.

Miriam Zohar, as the unjustifiably nervous and worrying mother, gives us some very good acting. Misha Asherov as the father is authoritative and sensitive enough for the requirements of the play.

nutable lack of humility or imagination the playwright has taken a free ride on the archetypal biblical sacrifice story, the Akedah.

We are all potential Abrahams, he tells us blandly, and our sons are all in line for Isaac's bundle of wood. Look at those two ordinary chaps on the stage. One slow Ashkenazi with a Russian accent and a briefcase and one quick, brown Sephardi with wiry hair and nerves to match. It's not their fault. They just happened to be turned into Abrahams by their sons getting killed in one of our wars. In fact they went further than the Patriarch. He was saved by the bell. When they heard the bell it was their front door and it was too late.

NOW WE KNOW from experience that bereavement is not only an immense emptiness but an everyday encounter with the most trivial kinds of absence, like shoes orphaned of feet. There is a place for this ordinariness in any account of mourning.

There is even a place for it on the stage where things tend to be large and extra-ordinary. Of course fathers mingle talk of trips abroad and favourite foods with obsessive thoughts about how their sons died and where, and who bothers to remember them.

But the playwright's determination to be bland is what is upsetting. He writes as if he was speaking directly to an audience of bereaved parents and was too embarrassed to touch on any raw nerves. No politics at funerals is the rule. No persistent questioning of Abraham, his elected representatives, his fantasies, his God. No rocking the boat. No despair and outrage; only complaint

and grumbling. Over the whole thing there hangs a pink fog of helplessness. It is as if the national consensus were apathy, and mourning had become a habit, like jogging.

Here is proof that the apolitical stance is no escape from politics. What happens in this play is not a rejection of the aridity of political debate for the rewarding truths of human feeling. It is rather an abdication of any political analysis in favour of the small change of sentimentality which is camouflage for leaving things as they are.

Yossi Yadin (a veteran and much loved actor) and Gabi Amrani (a popular comedian) played as if they believed they were performing a public service. In fact they were dispensing a dangerous drug. It is called surrender. It's worse than the sickness.

Bruria

THE Jerusalem Drama Workshop has been invited to perform its award-winning play, *Bruria*, at the New End Theatre in London from January 21-27. The play, which won a prize at the Acre Festival in 1982, was created by Gabriella Lev and Ruth Wieder (who perform in it). Rina Joyce Miller (who directs and translated it from Hebrew), and Aliza Elion Yisraeli (who wrote the final script). *Bruria* was the only woman member of the Tannaim, and the play, which tells the story of her life, quotes passages from the Talmud and the Midrash. The last local performance in English prior to the London tour will be at the Jerusalem Khan on December 9.

THE ISRAEL MUSEUM, one of the most popular tourist sites in the country, has recently seen a sharp up-swing in visits by Israelis, coming to see the Armand Hammer collection.

We, too, joined the throng, but our views on the paintings and drawings will remain private. We did, however, feel the need of physical sustenance after all that spiritual nourishment, and made our way to the museum's cafeteria.

In general, I have a very high opinion of the Israel Museum. I admire the way most of the temporary exhibits and permanent displays are mounted, and I have spent many happy hours there with my family. I also have a long-cherished belief that the finer a museum, the worse its restaurant facilities. Perhaps the worst meal I ever ate in Paris was at the Louvre; and I recall several hours of indigestion following some deep-fried fast-food tidbits at the Metropolitan in New York.

Nevertheless, my companion and I joined the queue in the temporary structure that has housed the museum's self-service cafeteria for the past few years. Open during regular museum hours, it serves dairy food, is kosher and closed on Shabbat.

FOR A PLACE that obviously serves a very large number of tour-

Museum piece

MATTERS OF TASTE / Haim Shapiro

ists, the cafeteria seems to have fewer signs in any language than one would expect. A small menu on one wall gives the prices, but it is not readily visible to the visitor.

There are some signs at the counter itself, but they did not, for example, indicate that soup, which I chose as my main course, was available. The soup itself, a sort of purée of beans and peas, was thick and hot and just the thing for a brisk, almost winter day.

My companion tried the gefilte fish, probably one of the most popular items for the many tourists who come to the restaurant seeking a light snack after starting the day with a huge Israeli breakfast.

To its credit, the fish was not overly sweet, but it was unbelievably heavy, so much so that it was difficult to cut through. The cynic might say that this is because of the inordinate amount of bread used in the recipe, but I must counter that bread should make gefilte fish light and fluffy. The horseradish sauce was all it should be.

AS MY MAIN course I chose a stuffed pepper, another item which I only learned was available when I spotted it hiding behind the fried fish.

Indeed, I must add here that the staff seems to have adapted to the difficulty of serving hundreds of people speaking several languages by emitting a series of grunts in reply to most questions. At other times, replies to my questions in Hebrew (not always replies to the questions I had asked), were shouted at me in heavily accented English.

Despite all that, the stuffed pepper was quite good for most of the way through it, with a pleasant mixture of rice, grated carrots and spices. Then I seemed to hit a pocket of black pepper, which while tolerable, was not particularly tasty.

My companion, on the other hand, was quite happy with her blintzes, with the light pancake wrapper fried till it was crisp and tender. She had not, however, counted on the filling being quite so sweet and had chosen a rather grouchy piece of cake

for dessert.

This was just as well, however, as the cake, evidently the product of a rather cheap bakery, was all but inedible.

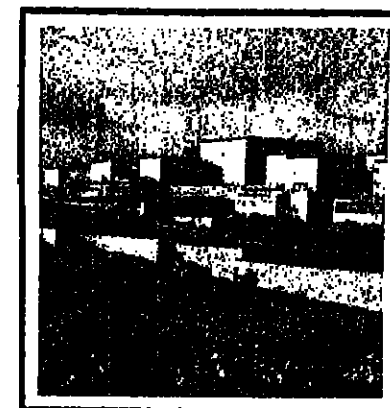
This was especially frustrating because it is only in a dairy restaurant that one can really expect to find good cream cakes. This seemed to be mainly margarine combined with undue quantities of synthetic vanilla extract.

My own cake, something resembling a Napoleon, was a good deal more edible, even though it was filled with a sort of sticky, gooey substance which was certainly not cream and which neither my companion nor myself could identify, try as we might.

AS WE SIPPED our coffee, which was actually quite good, we contemplated just how the Israel Museum's restaurant might look. Assuming that we could place it wherever we liked, we decided it ought to be on a terrace, with tables outdoors, overlooking the sculpture garden or, failing that, the Ministry of the Cross.

Naturally, the serving area would be far less cramped and the food arranged more logically, so that one might choose, or at least see, one's main course before committing oneself to appetizers and dessert.

Perhaps the most surprising thing about the restaurant is its complete



lack of decoration of any kind. I don't for a moment expect the museum to display its priceless objects where they might have coffee spilled on them; but I am sure that the basements are filled with items that are decorative, relatively indestructible and not overly valuable. At a pinch, they might even use museum posters to liven the place up a bit.

But for all that, the museum cafeteria has one great advantage. It is not intolerably expensive. Our own bill, for a very filling, if not so outstanding, meal came to IS4,850.

The average tourist, seeking a light snack to carry him over from a large breakfast to a full dinner, can try an assortment of salads for IS350 apiece. It could be worse.

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COUNTING winners and losers is of vital importance. Let's look at one example of how counting counts in the following deal. With East - West passing throughout, South reached a normal contract of four spades.

Deal 1
Love all

North
♠ QJ94
♥ 653
♦ J62
♣ QJ3

East
♠ 6
♥ J98
♦ 108743
♣ K874

South (D)
♠ AK10752
♥ AQ4
♦ Q
♣ A52

West's opening lead was the diamond king. Declarer has 26 high card points, a singleton and a six-card trump suit. With all those assets, the contract should have been easy. But South was careful, and counted potential losers - two hearts, one diamond and a club. There could be a problem if the heart finesse failed.

At Trick One, East discouraged his partner by playing the three. The diamond jack in dummy remained a threat on which a heart might be discarded. West therefore shifted to the club ten. This lead suggested that East had the king. North and East ducked, as did

Counting & planning

BRIDGE/George Levinrew

South. Now West played a spade, won in hand. A second spade was won in dummy and the club queen was led, which East covered, and South won with the ace. Now came a club to dummy, a ruff of the diamond six, and another spade to dummy. Declarer with the lead in dummy, reached this position:

North
♠ Q
♥ 653
♦ J
♣ -

East
♠ -
♥ J98
♦ 108
♣ -

South (D)
♠ AK3
♥ 76
♦ 542
♣ KQ1098

He had to play a diamond giving declarer a ruff and stuff of a heart, or to lead into South's heart ten-ace. With his counting and careful planning, South made the contract.

Deal 2
Love all

North
♠ Q
♥ 653
♦ J
♣ -

East
♠ -
♥ J98
♦ 108
♣ -

South (D)
♠ AK3
♥ 76
♦ 542
♣ KQ1098

THERE ARE THREE steps in playing an uncertain hand: counting,

planning, and suit management. In the above deal from a pairs tournament South was in a three no trump contract with East - West passing throughout.

The opening lead was the spade jack to the queen, and South's problem was how to manage the suits. He counted three spade tricks, two hearts, and four tricks in both clubs and diamonds, a total of 13 tricks. But where were the missing ace and king of diamonds and the ace of clubs? However, game should be easy. One declarer was caught in a trap on this deal, and was set.

He chose clubs as the suit to attack. He led the jack which East ducked. This lead was declarer's mistake. South could not return to dummy to run the clubs. Too late he switched to a diamond. East won the king and attacked the hearts. Dummy won with the king. A second diamond was won by West with the ace. A heart was played which dummy ducked. East won, took his club ace and still attacked the hearts. South could not be prevented from winning another trick in hearts. So the contract was set by two hearts, two diamonds, and a club.

The winning declarer for his second trick played a high diamond. East won and switched to a heart dummy winning. Now South led a club to a king. East ducked (otherwise declarer later could run the club suit).

He did not continue clubs. He won



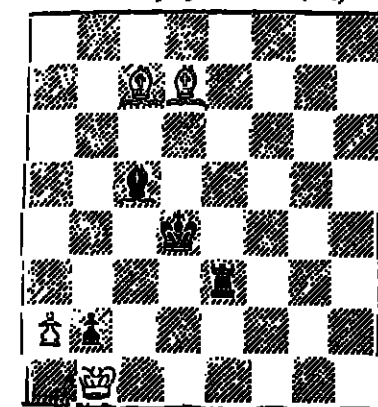
a top spade. He knocked out the diamond ace and with a heart entry in dummy he won in all two spades, two hearts, four diamonds and one club, making his contract.

The declarer should have seen at the very beginning that the hand counted to game with three spades, if he needed them, two hearts, and four tricks in a minor if he managed these suits carefully. There is a moral here: beware of hidden traps.

AN UNUSUAL reference pamphlet has been published by Gollancz, London, as part of their Master Bridge Series. (*Acad Bridge Flipper, the Fast Fact Finder* by Ron Klinger and Hugh Kelsey, 1984, paperback, £1.25). This is an excellent comprehensive reference for students and teachers. It has 15 headings dealing with opening bids, responses, rebids, overcalling, takeout doubles, and other aspects of the game. It fits easily into a pocket or purse, and is highly recommended.

CHESS

Elihu Shahaf
Problem no. 3202
A. SARICHEV, USSR
1st prize, New Statesman, 1961
White to play and draw (4-4)



SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3202 (Grin). 1. g6 Bf2 Kc3! g2 Rb4 Kf3 4. Rg4! Kf5 5. g7, and wins; 1. - Be4 2. Rh4 Ke5 3. Re4! Ke4 4. g7, and wins; 1. - Ke5 2. Re7 Kd6 3. Rd7, and wins.

GOOD START IN SALONIKI

ISRAEL has got off to a good start in the 26th olympiad, which opened in Saloniki on November 18. In the first round, our team scored a clean-cut 4-0 victory over Zimbabwe. In the second round Israel defeated the Mexican team 2½-1½ (one victory and three draws), and in the third round beat the strong Canadian team. The hero in this play was Israel champion Alon Grinfeld, who scored three straight wins.

The USSR, playing without Karpov and Kasparov, met with Hungary in the third round. The Hungarians, one of the favourites to win the

gold medal, went down 0-4. The Russians have thus proved that even without the world champion and the contender to the throne, they are a formidable team. Their victory against Hungary was achieved by Polugaevsky, Vaganian, Yusupov and Beliavsky. One of the surprises of the second round was Indonesia's 2½-1½ victory over West Germany. In the women's olympics, China inflicted a surprise defeat upon England.

FIDE EVENTS IN ISRAEL

ISRAEL will play host to two forthcoming FIDE events. Beersheba will host one of the Zonal Tournaments from February 1 to 16, with the participation of players from Israel, West Germany, Switzerland and Austria. Israel will be represented by three or four players. The winner will qualify for the Interzonal. The runner-up will meet the runner-up of the Norwegian Zonal Tournament to decide the second player to qualify for the Interzonal. The Israel Open Championship will be held parallel to the Zonal Tournament and will honour the memory of Moshe Czerniak.

The second FIDE event will be the World Championship for players under 16. This event will be held in Petah Tikva from March 24 to April 4. Israel will be represented by Ilan Manor of Haifa. Should Israel get a second berth in the event, the representative will be Yona Kusashvili of Ashdod.

TORONTO INTERNATIONAL

IM IGOR IVANOV overpowered a strong field in the Toronto International. Ivanov scored 8-2 to finish ahead of GM Ivan Fargho (Hungary) and IM Kevin Spraggett (Canada) 7-3. Tied for fourth at 6½-

2½ were GM Anatoly Lein and IMs Bryon Nickoloff, Mark Ginsburg and Jean Hebert. Out of the prize money at 6-3 were GMs Bozidar Ivanovic, Yehuda Gruenfeld, IM Michael Wilder and FM Roman Pells.

FARGO SHAW

1. d4 Nf6 2. e4 c6 3. Nc3 b6 4. g3 Bg6 5. b3 d5 6. Bg2 d4 7. Ne5 Bb4 8. Kf1! c6 9. b4 0-0 10. Bb2 Bb7 11. Nd3! Be7 12. Nd2 Nbd7 13. Bf3 Qe7 14. e4 c5 15. e5! Ng4 16. h3? Nf6 17. d5 ed5 18. Bd5 Rad8 19. Qf3 Be8 20. Kg2 Nb8 21. Nf4 Bg5? 22. Ne4 Bf4 23. Qf4 Nf5 24. Nd6 Ne7 25. Bf7 Kh8 26. Ne8 Ng6 27. Qe3 Qf7 28. Nd6 Qe6 29. Rd1 Ne6 30. Rf1 Rd7 31. Qe4 Ne7 32. Qd4 Qd4 33. h4 Rf7 34. f4 Ne6 35. f5. Black resigns.

GRUENFELD WILDER

1. e4 e6 2. d4 d5 3. Nc3 c5 4. Ng3 Nf6 5. e5 ed5 6. Bb5 Bd7 7. Bd7 Nbd7 8. 0-0 Be7 9. d5 Ne5 10. Nb3 Nee4 11. Nf4 0-0 12. Nf5 Re8 13. Ne7 Qe7 14. Be3 a6 15. Re1 Qe7 16. Bd4 Re6 17. Nd6 18. Qd3 Rae8 19. Re6 fe6 20. Re1 Ne1 21. Bf6 g6 22. Qd4 Qf7 23. f4 e5 24. fe5 fe5 25. Qg4 Kh8 26. Ne5 Rf8 27. Qe2 Qe7 28. b4 Qc6 29. c3 Rg8 30. Qf3 a5 31. Qf1 Qh6 32. g3 Rf8 33. Qd3 Nd2 34. Qe2 Nf3 35. Rh1 a4 36. cb4 Qf6! 37. Qe3 d4! 38. Qe2 Nf4 39. gh4?? Rg8 40. Kh3 Qf5. White resigns.

YUGOSLAV TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP

KELECEVIC CVITAN

1. d4 Nf6 2. e4 c6 3. Nc3 Bb4 4. Qc2 0-0 5. a3 Be3 6. Qc3 b6 7. Nf3 Bb7 8. e3 d6 9. b4 Nbd7 10. Bb2 Qe7 11. Bd3 c5 12. de5 bc5 13. 0-0 cb4 14. ab4 Bf3 15. g3 Ne5 16. Be2 Qb7 17. Kg2 Rf8 18. Rg1 Rb8 19. b5 Re4 20. Be4 Qf3 21. Kf1 Ne4 22. Qc2 Ne4 23. Rg7 Kf8 24. Kf1 Rb5 25. Ra7 Ng5 26. e4 Nf3 27. Kf1 Ne3. White resigns.

The gentle cut-throats

SCRABBLE

Sam Orbaum

MOST PEOPLE who come to a Scrabble club for the first time disavow any intent to get caught up in the competitiveness. "I only play for fun," they often say. As if we mad zealous play for misery.

It usually doesn't take more than three or four sessions. Finding one's name listed among others in a ranked order or learning of the various records to shoot for fuels the erstwhile "casual" player's ambition to aim higher.

At a Scrabble club, this striving expresses itself in good clean competition: a non-belligerent clash where one's ability to overcome an opponent is challenged.

The nature of Scrabble - and of Scrabble players - traditionally fosters a friendly, sporting demeanour, even among the deadly serious.

Being competitive does not mean a player has to be among the best. In any good club where there are sufficient players of various levels, competition is just as sincere and exciting further down the standings as it is at the top.

A PLAYER can retain non-competitiveness as a virtue and still find happiness in a club milieu. The benefits of confronting a variety of opponents rather than the same friend or family member are numerous.

Playing the same opponent game after game for years on end restricts your vocabulary to what you both already know, and limits your style of play.

A club offers diversification and variety, making you adapt to differences in style. The characteristics and idiosyncrasies of each player are intangibles that give each game an individual pattern.

ISRAEL'S SIX Scrabble clubs (Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Haifa, Beersheba, Zahala and the unique Jordan Valley club, encompassing the kibbutzim of the region) cater first and foremost to the love of the game. They appeal to both the serious and the not-so-serious.

Most clubs employ statistics, averages, competitive league standings and record-keeping to varying degrees.

In the Jerusalem club, where record-keeping is most extensive, pages and pages of fascinating statistical references are posted and continually updated.

Players of the Week are cited; the week's finest word plays are mentioned, and a full set of standings are updated before each session for the league's three divisions, leading up to an end-of-season playoff series that ultimately determines divisional and club champions.

Considering that the Jerusalem Scrabble Club is one of the world's largest (with an average attendance of 54 players per week), that's a lot of words - and a lot of numbers.

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A SPANISH troupe known all over Spain and beyond as "Gipsy Fair" will tour in Israel this month and the well-known Israeli Spanish dancer Dalia Lavi will be the principal performer. She will be partnered by Spanish dancer Jose Correia, who has performed in Madrid and elsewhere with prominent companies.

Most of the members of Gipsy Fair are indeed gypsies and their style is said to have the strong Andalusian flavour that is regarded as truly "flamenco." Andalusia has always been the area of the *candito flamenco*, usually a group of six or seven performers versed in the Andalusian traditions of dance and song.

The lead singer of Gipsy Fair will be Pepa de Utrera, daughter of a noted gipsy family of performers. The principal male singer will be Jarillo de Triana, who appeared with the famous Antonio Gades in *I Love You Gypsy*.

To stage Gipsy Fair here, the celebrated dancer-director-choreographer Chio has come from Madrid. This is his second visit to produce Dalia Lavi programmes in Israel, but this time the show will be larger and more ambitious.

Lavi herself has just returned from Spain, where she goes frequently; it was during her most recent visit that

the tour was arranged and she herself was chosen as principal.

Gipsy Fair will appear in Haifa, Beersheba, Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Holon and Ramat Gan, starting on December 14.

BEN SOMMERS of New York says that dance is "ecumenical." He says it is an international language and therefore encompasses all races, creeds, colours and religions. What he finds disturbing is that dancers and dance committees do not work together more often and more closely across the borders of their particular companies, groups, countries. He has therefore launched the International Dance Alliance Ltd.

Sommers and his wife Estelle are frequent visitors to Israel - and devoted to its causes, particularly dance. Mrs. Sommers heads the American committee for the Dance Library of Israel, which collects material and other means for sustaining and improving the collection at 26 Hahik Street in Tel Aviv, a venue which is part of the Central Library for Music and Dance.

She is at present organizing gala nights in New York to benefit the library; one in February when the Panovs, Valey and Galina, will come with the Royal Ballet of Flanders of which Panov is now the

Gipsy fare



DANCE
Dora Sowden

artistic director, and Pinova the prima ballerina (though still starring in the London production of *On Your Toes*). The other gala will be in March when the Joffrey Ballet opens

its season in New York.

At one time, Mr. Sommers was known as "Mr. Capzio" (the pronunciation is *Kapcezio*) because he founded the famous firm of Capzio, makers of ballet requirements. On retirement some time ago he formed the Capzio Foundation which gives aid to dance projects and makes an annual Capzio Award. Among the recipients have been Alexandra Danilova, Martha Graham, Agnes de Mille, Paul Taylor, Robert Joffrey, Hanya Holm, Alvin Ailey and Merce Cunningham. He himself has received a *Dance Magazine* Award.

In fact, Mr. Sommers is something of a character; and his story is like a realization of the American dream. At 14, he went to work for Salvatore Capzio, an Italian footwear manufacturer who was so noted for dance shoes that he was called "the dancer's cobbler." Sommers not only became involved in his own drive to develop the Capzio business but also promoted dance.

Now he has turned his attention to the International Dance Alliance. In an address he gave to the London Ballet Circle he spoke of the need to "promote goodwill through dance" and for an annual International Dance Week.

The United States already holds a National Dance Week in April to

coincide with International Dance Day approved by the Dance Committee of the International Theatre Institute (ITI), which is held in Israel as in other countries on April 29, the anniversary of the birth of the great 18th-century ballet theoretician Noverre. The ITI has since also approved the International Dance Week. Barry Swerky is the Israeli representative of the ITI committee and also of Mr. Sommers' committee.

What Sommers wants is to see such a week marked in every country, with each developing its own programme but with the aim of forming links with other countries.

Sommers hopes to bring companies and other dance groups within the same country to cooperate for the common good. He has sent me this message which he received from the Panovs when he launched the IDA: "It is 10 years since we left Russia and became Israelis. The dance profession helped to bring this about and we are eternally grateful. Our own life has been fruitful and our role is being dance citizens of the world.... We rest in our home in Israel between assignments.... We believe [International Dance Week] is an important event and can help bring people of the world together through dance."

MY RECENT column about conductors and the professional demands on them aroused some students of the craft, and I was happy to accept an invitation from the Rubin Academy Conducting Class in Jerusalem to face them for an exchange of opinions.

To begin with, I want to say not as an apology but as an explanation - that the limits of space do not always permit me to expand as I would like on a particular point. And obviously, concentration of a definition or a judgment into a few sentences leads to over-simplifications or generalisations which are liable to do an injustice to some of the group under the magnifying glass.

As I was very much impressed by the dedication of the young men studying conducting under Prof. Mendi Rodan, I would like to take up the subject again in order to put some things in their proper perspective. I also want to plead their case because it reflects shortcomings in our cultural set-up which can, perhaps, be corrected.

A conductor needs an orchestra in order to practise his technique and professional skill. This sounds simple enough; but we have already touched on the core of the problem - what chance have Israeli conductors of fulfilling their ambitions in their own country?

At the study stage, the two academics (in Jerusalem and Tel

Aviv) do not have enough instrumental students of the quality required to put a full orchestra at the disposal of the conducting class. Then, too, which professional orchestra is willing to invite neophytes to work with them and gain experience? It isn't only the budget problem (theatres cost a lot of money); the members of an orchestra can be rather cruel to young aspirants on the trombone. And the better the orchestra (at least in the eyes of its members) the less cooperative its treatment of beginners tends to be.

Audiences, too, can be faulted, as they only want to hear, and see, conductors of repute. They shy away from concerts featuring unknown conductors, which means a loss in ticket sales which orchestras can ill afford.

AS A CONSEQUENCE of this situation, most of our young conductors have to go abroad for advanced studies and then have to stay away from the country for lack of opportunities to apply their training here. The list of Israeli conductors currently living and working abroad is quite long, and nobody can criticize them for doing so, as there are no opportunities for work at home.

The Israeli Philharmonic has maestro Zubin Mehta for life and no assistant conductor on the staff; the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra's

Grim prospects

MUSIC & MUSICIANS
Yohanan Boehm

chief, Gary Bertini, is abroad most of the time and here too there is no house conductor running daily affairs.

The Israel Chamber Orchestra has, at last, given an Israeli the chance to return home by appointing Yoav Talmi as its chief conductor but has made no provision for an assistant. Nor has the Haifa Symphony Orchestra's Urs Schneider a deputy when he is absent.

The Israel Sinfonietta Beersheba is, perhaps, the only body which, through the initiative of Mendi Rodan, occasionally offers a concert to a young local conductor, but the appointment of a deputy to Rodan, who is often abroad, is also precluded on financial grounds. Samuel Lewis runs his Netanya orchestra on a shoe-string and certainly cannot afford an assistant; he is also the only Israeli conductor who doesn't float around the world. Holon's and the Kibbutz Movement's chamber

orchestras have local conductors, though they cannot provide a livelihood or an exciting assignment for them. And the Jerusalem Symphony, as the Israel Radio orchestra, frequently engages young conductors of proved ability to conduct at recording sessions without an audience.

The prospects are grim indeed, and yet each year a new crop of eager young men - and an occasional woman - start preparing themselves for this career. Good luck to them!

A SIMILAR fate awaits the student of singing who, on reaching a certain standard, has to go abroad to find work, since here, too, the professional opportunities in Israel are less than inviting.

We still have some of our best female singers living amongst us, but they have to go overseas several times every year in order to get onto a prestigious stage (and earn some money). They, at least, can supplement their income by teaching, but the knowledge that they are inevitably preparing their students to become yordim cannot be too attractive.

Another branch of music studies - composition - cannot, by its nature, offer much financial promise and a livelihood has to be found in teaching others. The problem in this case is further aggravated by the direction the academic teaching of

THINGS had never been the same without Keith. Roger was concentrating more on his acting than on the band, and Pete was saving all his best stuff for his solo albums anyway.

Sure they could still cut it live, but how long could they keep playing the same old songs without parodying themselves, without feeling they were cheating each other and their fans?

By 1982 they'd all had enough. They'd said they were quitting many times before, but this time it was for real. It was time for *Who's Last*.

Somehow, they'd never quite made it all the way to the top in Britain; it was the Americans who spoke of the Beatles, Stones and Who in the same breath. And it was over 40 shows in America at the tail end of '82 that the Who bowed out.

The statistics from that tour still make dazzling reading: October 12, Shea Stadium, New York, 72,000 tickets sold in a day. Two days later a second show sold out in under four hours. They played sellouts at JFK Stadium, Philadelphia (98,000), Los Angeles (97,000), Boulder, Colorado (65,000), Orlando, Florida (65,000), and more. These were shows everyone had to see.

Who's Last (General Music) is a 17-track double live album recorded on that tour, the songs chosen by the band.

It's an interesting selection, virtually all drawn from the early Who albums; nothing at all for example, from *Face Dances*, the band's most successful album in Britain.

All the old standards are here: "My Generation," "I Can't Explain," "Substitute," "Magic Bus,"

Who was there?

ROCK, ETC.
David Horovitz

and "Won't Get Fooled Again", and it's surprising to hear how little these songs have developed over the years - the band remains almost note faithful to the originals.

Kobay Jones's drumming is superbly throughout, and Entwistle has never played those bass runs on "My Generation" better, but Daltrey's voice is obviously strained, and

Townsend produces few guitar fireworks.

In short, this is an album that's going to bring back memories for those who were there, and fill a gap for those who don't own one of the many Who greatest hits collections.

A few more recent numbers, or even a couple of new songs, would have made this collection invaluable. As it is, it's merely a lack-lustre epitaph to a superb band.

HUEY LEWIS'S *Sports* (CBS), which has been knocking about the top five in the U.S. for ages, has finally made it over to Israel.

Lewis has been around for years, gigging in England, playing harmonica on Thin Lizzy's *Live and Dangerous* and making two albums of his own before cracking the market with *Sports*.

Apart from the straightforward rocky pop of "If This Is It," and "The Heart of Rock & Roll," there are some lovely harmonies on "Bad is Bad," and Lewis's harmonica is always welcome.

Pedal Steel guitarist John McFee's appearance on the final cut, "Honky Tonk Blues," rounds out a very good album.

DESTINED for the top of the charts is a song called "Do They Know it's Christmas," recorded in London two weeks ago by more than 20 British rock stars to raise money for Ethiopian famine victims.

Among those recording the song, which was written by Bob Geldof and Midge Ure, were Boy George, Duran Duran, Phil Collins, Spandau Ballet, Sting, Wham, Paul Weller and Paul Young.

The Jerusalem Post

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Avian allegories

Gil Goldfine

IN ILLUSTRATED medieval literature, and illuminated manuscripts the Jew was often characterized as a bird-being, a beady-eyed beak face set on the body of a robed man.

Using this visual theme, Yosi Bergner has created a series of oil paintings, and Danny Kerman a "family" of small clay sculptures. Having their concept on historical fact, both the allegory, symbolism and folklorish pathos and humour. The single bird becomes a myriad of beings set into situations and predicaments that narrate estrangement, wandering, migration and flocking together.

The Bergner oils, from the very large to the smallest, carry the late Bergner stamp so that the basic dynamic encompassing a frenzy of colour, harmony and linearized, robust compositions with flying people birds replace his earlier flowers and trees. In the same vein, Kerman's sculptures, though not necessarily derivative, come across as illustrations, describing assorted genre characters from the Middle Ages to Dürer. Carefully modelled and carved, they are more narrative than sculptural. Judging Kerman's work as sculpture is like equating Meissen ware to Barlach; each having its own flat and separate objectives. (Assaf Gallery, 29 Gordon, Tel Aviv).

IN A LUCID, free wheeling style, Arie Azene brushes on watercolour and draws with soft graphite to produce diverse scenes of Jerusalem. On a single sheet of buff-coloured rag paper, Azene sketches several different subjects or still life, each frame standing alone as a separate entity yet tightly set within the overall design. This unique and interesting approach is entitled "Jerusalem Notebook" and is conceived as if the artist was a troubadour, recording his impressions of landscapes and architectural details as he strolls through the streets, hills and alleyways of the Old and New cities. In several compositions Azene has created "faded" blank spaces, bordered by frayed or sepiatinted frames, a visual hint that reinforces the idea of time as a necessary poetic element in the picture-making process.

Azene is an exceptional observational realist and a master of watercolour technique. His methods of applying wet on wet tones without finding himself in muddy patches; or highlighting solid forms with dry brush on pre-drawn sketches, are

among the best around. But Azene rarely limits himself to one subject or one style, constantly edging out into a variety of approaches. Subjects range from arabesque floor tiles to long views of the Temple Mount, or details of shadows falling across hidden portals or wrought iron gates, in styles from academic realism to decorative abstraction. Somehow, when thrown together on the same page, the contrasts never fight for supremacy nor fall into obscurity. One surveys each picture one at a time. A lovely show and worth a visit. (Nellie Aman Fine Arts, 22 Gordon, Tel Aviv).

AHARON SHILOMO, of Kibbutz Nachshon, combines wood, canvas, paint and a collage technique in the process of assembling tightly composed sculptural wall reliefs. Beautiful and intriguing, the abstract reliefs are both flat and dimensional depending on the vantage point. Shilomo plays with protruding volumes, geometric form, detached colour and lightly textured surfaces, a look combining Ben Nicholson with the neo-plastic energies of Ilya Bolotowsky. Using subdued hues of black, greys, whites, greyed violet (Kupferman) and a blood brown red to coat the pieces, Shilomo creates in a classical manner. One discerns a controlled and stable growth pattern, an understated feel for theatricality and a keen sensibility to alternating tension and relaxation of line and shape. Unfortunately, the impact of Shilomo's constructions is diluted by the restricted gallery space and overly flat lighting.

Shilomo's gallery partner, Motti Meller, shows two audio-kinetic installations. A miniature oil rig placed above an unarranged arrangement of wooden mill wheels and gears just pumps away for no apparent reason other than a secretive socio-economic ruse; while the second work, an eclectic mixture of found objects including, as a centerpiece, a tattered dentist's chair circa 1920 with a cow's skull attached as a patient, bales of hay set on a wagon base, a snow-imaged TV set wrapped in baling wire and electric blue plumbing pipes. All points blare forth with some kind of cultural credo but the symbolism, while attempting to sock it to the viewer, is all banal. (Kibbutz Gallery, 25 Dov Hoz, Tel Aviv). Till Dec. 21.

THE GROUP SHOW, whatever the reasons for assembling it, remains dependent on the creativity that each participating artist brings to bear on the whole. "Encounter" was initiated by Laila Schwartz, one of Israel's better known artists' models who considers her profession serious business. Schwartz tries to consciously involve herself in the artist's definition of her body, an involvement which takes on psycho-philosophical overtones. In other words, Schwartz sees herself as more than an object of forms and shadows and as a full partner in the creative process.

Schwartz's attempt to infuse a super charge into the studio atmosphere seems to have resulted in only low voltage electricity for the art produced is neither fantastic nor very special. Sonja Nutra, the only artist working in three dimensions, modelled two elegant, bisque-toned, clay sculptures, one a tight-lipped portrait of Laila and the second a life-size headless torso. The grace and delicacy of the portrait is surprising.



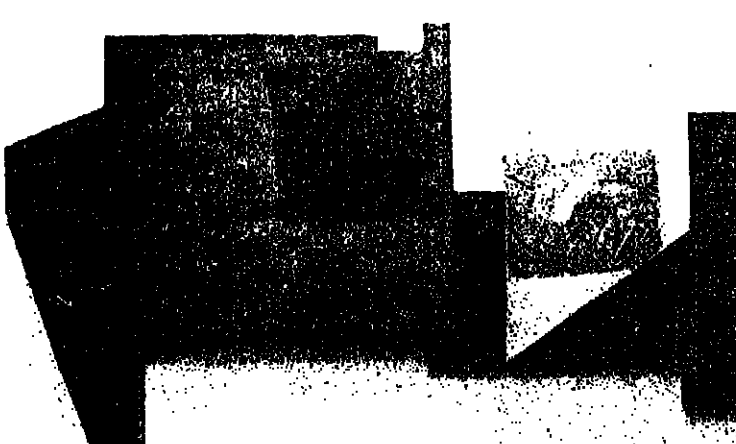
Yosi Bergner: "Cavaliers", oils (Assaf Gallery, Tel Aviv).



Danny Kerman: "The End of Days", ceramic (Assaf Gallery).



Arie Azene: watercolour, detail, (Nellie Aman Fine Art, Tel Aviv).



Aharon Shilomo: painted wall relief (Kibbutz Gallery, Tel Aviv).

ed by Nutra's stately, unadulating interpretation of the symmetrical figure, a human landscape in which the exacting anatomical structure is unhampered by a slight oversimplification of surface forms and planes and a tendency to flowing mannerisms.

For an exceptional draughtsman like Harold Rubin, figure drawing is, in musical terms, a ten finger exercise. Although Rubin writes that the

model's body "projects a quality of some other time, a kind of ancient mythology..." his renderings in ink and wash on canvas or kraft paper encompass the same sort of baroque mannerism and unleashed physical energy we have come to appreciate (and often criticize) in other Rubin drawings. Yaddi Rubin and Emanuel Bar-Kadma paint and sketch the figure in emphatic colour schemes and wire-like contour line, but without

empathizing with the unique physical qualities of the model. Anton Biderman, on the other hand, parallels a painterly surface that joins Bacon to DeKooning in one frame. Brash colour schemes, linear scumble and an unsettled geometric design closet the gyrating figure. Chagall Dor, photographer and video artist, does not have a continually running video display. (Artists Pavilion, 6 Alharizi, Tel Aviv).

Three generations

THREE GENERATIONS of talent from kibbutz Beit Hashita are represented in a collective exhibition. Best known is Schiff Prize winner Noam Rabbinovitch (b. Israel 1950) whose inspiration is home and soil. He places his massive blocks of local stone, with inserted iron rods, into monumental geometrical formations on the floor; quite different from the sensitive alabaster sculpture of Rachel Maas.

Work by seven accomplished photographers is also displayed. Hanan Porat's (b. Germany, 1912) lovely shots of landscapes, tents, early buildings and first fruits are from the beginnings of the kibbutz itself, some close to 50 years old and now historical documents. He and his wife, watercolourist Ruth Han-Porat, organizer of this exhibition, would themselves be ideal models for an "Israeli Gothic" portrait. Gideon Kutner (b. 1945) focuses on interesting textures and light-shadow effects. He experiments in colour photography, but still has much to learn, especially composition. Dan Marek's technically perfect prints are poetically inspired. Zalre-born Yossi Franco has a good eye for ethnic subjects in interesting surroundings.

Much good figurative drawing, in

various styles, by older and middle-aged kibbutz members, is exhibited. The late Millek Bluks composed large groups of figures. His "Metapetel", in red chalk, has the breath of a Renaissance sketch. Among the incisive rapidograph pictures by Tel-Aviv-born Moni Maroz, there is one entitled "Noah's Ark," in which strange little creatures of a grotesque, somewhat child-like air crowd together.

Dutch-born Hanna Avishal's painting "Winter," a village-scene, is well defined in semi-abstract planes. Her drawings show a profes-

sionally sure and easy hand. Grandma Yehudi Rivner (b. Bulgaria 1917) paints colourful, naive flower pieces. (Artists' House, Haifa). Till Dec. 10.

SIMA GAVRIELY in the 1940's a student of Miron Sima, excels in rendering our bright light in oils. She handles her colours in broad, assured strokes of the brush. In the large "Haifa Bay," water and sky refract the light vividly, while in "The Dead Sea" they are transformed into darker, lyrically abstract patches. In "The Mountaineer" Gavriely builds up a more structured - and therefore more interesting - landscape. (Haifa Auditorium, till Dec. 13.).

EDITH VARGA-BIRO



Sima Gavriely: "Acco," oils (Haifa Auditorium).

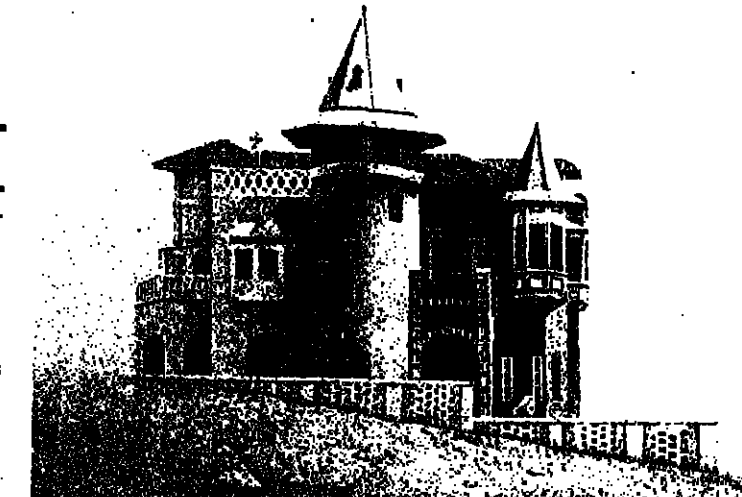
Yesterday's Tel Aviv

Meir Ronnen

RACHEL TIMOR is a third-generation Tel Avivian (if you count Jaffa) who has completed an unusual project: a series of paintings covering the first 30 years of Little Tel Aviv, made from the historic photos by Avraham Soskin and Shimon Korman, in the archive of the Museum of the History of Tel Aviv.

Working in a studio in Neve Zedek, in a house built by her grandfather over 80 years, Timor has produced a tour d'horizon of the new garden city's first kiosk, first street lamp, first water tower and its famous Herzliya High School. The first sherry taxi is there too: a horse-drawn diligence. Downtown, we even see Soskin's photography shop. As the Mandatory city grows, a few English motorcycles, Ariel or Harley Davidson, can also be discerned.

Some of the quaint architecture of the period is positively twee; and nothing could have been uglier than



Rachel Timor: Beit Shlomo Feingold, Tel Aviv (Jerusalem Theatre).

the "Pagoda." For better or worse, most of these legendary homes have disappeared.

Timor's paintings are without pretensions, a few nicely free watercolours have little documentary function. The flat, textureless, naive-like oils make no bones about having been meticulously copied from the photographs. The yellows and

ochres are often crudely harsh but the light in general is quite cold, colder than Tel Aviv in the winter. The streets and the buildings are spotlessly clean; even apart from the camel and horse dung, they weren't. Nevertheless, "Tel Aviv of Yesterday" is replete with the charm of a curiosity. (Jerusalem Theatre Gallery for New Artists).

New art books

Meir Ronnen

WILL DYSON, by Ross McMullin (Angus and Robertson, 337pp., £16.50, profusely illustrated in black-and-white and colour) is a massive and readable biography of one of the fathers of the modern British political cartoon - and one of the notable Australian cartoonists of all time, who was also the leading Australian war artist of the First World War. He is perhaps best remembered for his prophetic cartoon of 1919, with Clemenceau remarking "Curious, I seem to hear a child weeping," a babe of the class of 1940. Dyson had earlier produced a cartoon of a capitalist firing bodies loaded into a machine-gun belt, an image revived in our times by Tomi Ungerer and several Yugoslav cartoonists, who all likely never heard of Dyson. But the influence of Dyson was still pervasive when I was an art student in Melbourne.

Dyson was born in 1880 in Ballarat, an Australian mining town, and died in 1937. He married a Lindsay (they were the handsomest and most artistically talented family in Australia) and his wife and daughter were famously stunning beauties. Dyson's sister fell in love with a Melbourne Jew whose family refused to countenance his marrying a shikse; the young man volunteered for the Western Front and was killed leading a charge. Dyson himself was an anti-Semite, who equated all Jews with pawnbrokers; together with army historian C.E.W. Bean and Keith Murdoch, founding father of a press dynasty in Australia, Dyson unsuccessfully lobbied the Australian Prime Minister, Billy Hughes, against giving command of the Australian Corps (three divisions) on the Western Front to the brilliant General John Monash, a Jew. While acknowledging that Monash was the best man to help bring the war to a conclusion, they didn't see much point in having it won by a "pushy" Jew. Bean later admitted they had been stupid.

After the war Monash voiced objections to Dyson's depiction of Australian soldiers in a memorial work; he remembered his men as being younger and more baby-faced. One of the photographs of "Diggers" at the front that Dyson produced to refute Monash is published here, but in my opinion it only supports Monash's contention. Dyson, who before the Great War worked in London, almost invented the image of fat capitalist vs. the handsome worker, but few of his cartoons were tainted with Jewish caricature; later, working in Australia, he was strongly anti-fascist and anti-Nazi. While Monash is widely remembered (his name adorns an Australian university) there must be very few people, in Australia or outside it, who know who Dyson was. This fine book is a fitting memorial.

The Complete Graphic Works of Jack Levine by Kenneth W. Prescott and Emma-Stina Prescott (Dover, large format paperback, 81 plates, \$8.95) is a reminder of the achievements of an American painter who has sunk from sight of late; and who was the only noted American-Jewish artist of the '30s. Levine (b. Boston, 1915) is an outstanding satirical "portraitist" with a clearly identifiable style, famous chiefly for his large-headed dumpy figures depicting American gangsters, sexy molls, dissipated society types, bloated cops and other Americana of the '30s and '40s. Following his father's death, Levine turned to Jewish themes as well, producing moving "portraits" of Jewish kings and sages; he has a splendid eye for the East European Jewish type. Levine's etchings are masterly and this excellent publication, available at Dover's usual low price, contains a fine appreciation, a chronology and informed notes to each work.

The Art Dealers, edited by Laura de Coppel and Alan Jones (Clarkson N. Potter/Crown Publishers, 320 pp., \$24.95) is a waste of money. It is subtitled "The Powers Behind the Scene Tell How the Art World Really Works." Needless to say, they don't. The 32 dealers interviewed here (we get their comments, not the questions put to them) can't afford to tell the truth. What we do get are a bundle of evasions and contradictions, in the course of 32 self-serving monologues. Of course that in itself may be revelatory, but one suspects that this was not the editors' intention. Also revealing are the photographs of the dealers, some of them posed studio shots or near barmitzva pictures and all obviously chosen by the dealers themselves; some taken of the women are at least 15 years old. A few of the dealers have at some time worked with (and even slept with) some of the others, but there are no revelations here either. The only witty remark comes from Andre Emmerich (who hides his face behind a broken-up montage); he describes Leo Castelli and himself as the "leaders of the pack," because they seem to experience early on what others seem to experience a little later.

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Avian allegories

Gill Goldfine

IN ILLUSTRATED medieval literature and illuminated manuscripts the Jew was often characterized as a bird-being, a beady-eyed beak face set on the body of a robed man.

Using this visual theme, Yosi Bergner has created a series of oil paintings and Danny Kerman a "family" of small clay sculptures. Basing their concept on historical fact, both fill with allegory, symbolism and folklorish pathos and humour. The single bird becomes a myriad of beings set into situations and predicaments that narrate estrangement, wandering, migration and looking together.

The Bergner oils, from the very large to the smallest, carry the late Bergner stamp so that the basic dynamism encompassing a frenzy of colour, harmony and linearized, robust compositions with flying people birds replace his earlier flowers and toys. In the same vein, Kerman's sculptures, though not necessarily derivative, come across as illustrations, describing assorted genre characters from the Middle Ages to Dürer. Carefully modelled and carved, they are more narrative than sculptural. Judging Kerman's work as sculpture is like equating Mies van der Rohe with each having its own flat and separate objectives. (Assaf Gallery, 29 Gordon, Tel Aviv).

IN A LUCID, free wheeling style, Arie Azene brushes on watercolour and draws with soft graphite to produce diverse scenes of Jerusalem. On a single sheet of buff-coloured rag paper, Azene sketches several different subjects or still life, each frame standing alone as a separate entity yet tightly set within the overall design. This unique and interesting approach is entitled "Jerusalem Notebook" and is conceived as if the artist was a troubadour, recording his impressions of landscapes and architectural details as he strolls through the streets, hills and alleyways of the Old and New cities. In several compositions Azene has created "faded" blank spaces, bordered by frayed or sepia-shadowed frames, a visual hint that reinforces the idea of time as a necessary poetic element in the picture-making process.

Azene is an exceptional observational realist and a master of watercolour technique. His methods of applying wet on wet tones without finding himself in muddy patches; or highlighting solid forms with dry brush on pre-drawn sketches, are

among the best around. But Azene rarely limits himself to one subject or one style, constantly edging out into a variety of approaches. Subjects range from arabesque floor tiles to long views of the Temple Mount, or details of shadows falling across hidden portals or wrought iron gates, in styles from academic realism to decorative abstraction. Somehow, when thrown together on the same page, the contrasts never fight for supremacy nor fall into obscurity. One surveys each picture one at a time. A lovely show and worth a visit. (Nellie Aman Fine Arts, 22 Gordon, Tel Aviv).

AHARON SHLOMO, of Kibbutz Nachshon, combines wood, canvas, paint and a collage technique in the process of assembling tightly composed sculptural wall reliefs. Beautiful and intriguing, the abstract reliefs are both flat and dimensional depending on the vantage point. Shlomo plays with protruding volumes, geometric form, detached colour and lightly textured surfaces, a look combining Ben Nicholson with the neo-plastic energies of Ilya Bolotowski. Using subdued hues of black, greys, whites, greyed violet (Kupferman) and a blood brown red to coat the pieces, Shlomo creates in a classical manner. One discerns a controlled and stibler growth pattern, an understated feel for theatre and a keen sensibility to alternating tension and relaxation of line and shape. Unfortunately, the impact of Shlomo's constructions is diluted by the restricted gallery space and overly flat lighting.

Shlomo's gallery partner, Moti Meller, shows two audio-kinetic installations. A miniature oil rig placed above an unarranged arrangement of wooden mill wheels and gears just pumps away for no apparent reason other than a secretive socio-economic ruse; while the second work, an eclectic mixture of found objects including, as a centerpiece, a tattered dentist's chair circa 1920 with a cow's skull attached as a patient, hales of hay set on a wagon base, a snowy-tinged TV set wrapped in baling wire and electric blue plumbing pipes. All points bare forth with some kind of cultural credo but the symbolism, while attempting to sock it to the viewer, is all banal. (Kibbutz Gallery, 25 Dov Hoz, Tel Aviv). Till Dec. 21.

THE GROUP SHOW, whatever the reasons for assembling it, remains dependent on the creativity that each participating artist brings to bear on the whole. "Encounter" was initiated by Laila Schwartz, one of Israel's better known artists' models who considers her profession serious business. Schwartz tries to consciously involve herself in the artist's definition of her body, an involvement which takes on psycho-philosophical overtones. In other words, Schwartz sees herself as more than an object of forms and shadows and as a full partner in the creative process.

Schwartz's attempt to infuse a super charge into the studio atmosphere seems to have resulted in only low voltage electricity for the art produced is neither fantastic nor very special. Sonia Natra, the only artist working in three dimensions, modelled two elegant, bisque-toned, clay sculptures, one a tight-lipped portrait of Laila and the second a life-size headless torso. The grace and delicacy of the portrait is surpas-



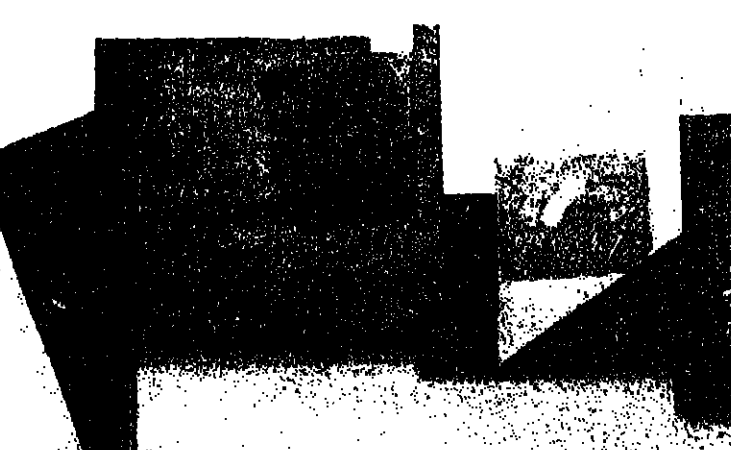
Yosi Bergner: "Cavaliers", oils (Assaf Gallery, Tel Aviv).



Danny Kerman: "The End of Days", ceramic (Assaf Gallery).



Arie Azene: watercolour, detail, (Nellie Aman Fine Art, Tel Aviv).



Aharon Shlomo: painted wall relief (Kibbutz Gallery, Tel Aviv).

ed by Natra's stately, undulating, interpretation of the symmetrical figure, a human landscape in which the exacting anatomical structure is unhampered by a slight oversimplification of surface forms and planes and a tendency to flowing mannerisms.

For an exceptional draughtsman like Harold Rubin, figure drawing is, in musical terms, a ten finger exercise. Although Rubin writes that the

model's body "projects a quality of some other time, a kind of ancient mythology..." his renderings in ink and wash on canvas or kraft paper encompass the same sort of baroque mannerism and unleashed physical energy we have come to appreciate (and often criticize) in other Rubin drawings. Yaddi Rubin and Emanuel Bar-Kadma paint and sketch the figure in emphatic colour schemes and wire-like contour line, but with-

out empathizing with the unique physical qualities of the model. Anton Biderman, on the other hand, parallels a painterly surface that joins Bacon to DeKooning in one frame. Brash colour schemes, linear scumble and an unsettled geometric design closet the gyrating figure. Chagall Dor, photographer and video artist, does not have a continually running video display. (Artists' Pavilion, 6 Alharizi, Tel Aviv).

Three generations

THREE GENERATIONS of talent from kibbutz Beit Hashita are represented in a collective exhibition. Best known is Schiff Prize winner Noam Rabinovich (b. Israel 1950) whose inspiration is home and soil. He places his massive blocks of local stone, with inserted iron rods, into monumental geometrical formations on the floor; quite different from the sensitive alabaster sculpture of Rachel Maas.

Work by seven accomplished photographers is also displayed. Hana Porat's (b. Germany, 1912) lovely shots of landscapes, tents, early buildings and first fruits are from the beginnings of the kibbutz itself, some close to 50 years old and now historical documents. He and his wife, watercolourist Ruth Hana Porat, organizer of this exhibition, would themselves be ideal models for an "Israeli Gothic" portrait. Gideon Kutner (b. 1945) focuses on interesting textures and light-shadow effects. He experiments in colour photography, but still has much to learn, especially composition. Dan Marek's technically perfect prints are poetically inspired. Zaire-born Yossi Franco has a good eye for ethnic subjects in interesting surroundings.

Much good figurative drawing, in

various styles, by older and middle-aged kibbutz members, is exhibited. The late Mleik Bikels composed large groups of figures. His "Metapelet," in red chalk, has the breath of a Renaissance sketch. Among the incisive rapidograph pictures by Tel-Aviv-born Moshe Maroz, there is one entitled "Noah's Ark," in which strange little creatures of a grotesque, somewhat child-like air crowd together.

Dutch-born Hanna Avshalom's painting "Winter," a village scene, is well defined in semi-abstract planes. Her drawings show a profes-

sional sure and easy hand. Grandma Yehudit Rivner (b. Bulgaria 1917) paints colourful, naive flower pieces. (Artists' House, Haifa). Till Dec. 10.

EDITH VARGA-BIRO



Sima Gavriely: "Acco," oils (Haifa Auditorium).

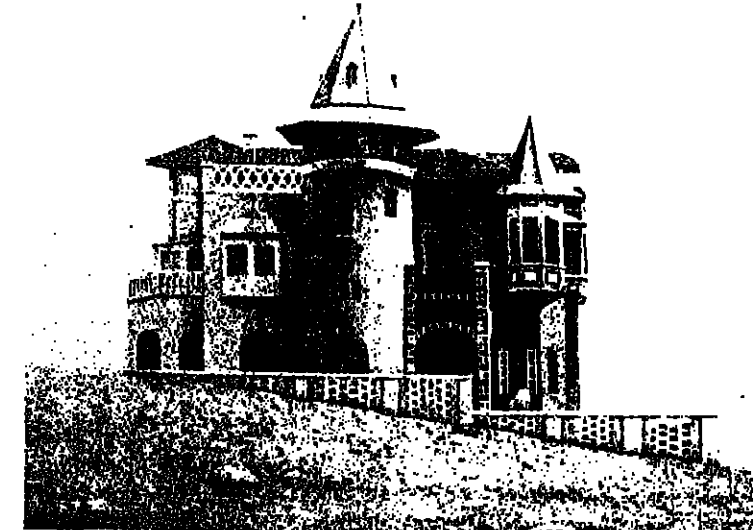
Yesterday's Tel Aviv

Meir Ronnen

RACHEL TIMOR is a third-generation Tel Avivian (if you count Jaffa) who has completed an unusual project: a series of paintings covering the first 30 years of Little Tel Aviv, made from the historic photos by Avraham Soskin and Shimon Korman, in the archive of the Museum of the History of Tel Aviv.

Working in a studio in Neve Zedek, in a house built by her grandfather over 80 years, Timor has produced a tour d'horizon of the new garden city's first kiosk, first street lamp, first water tower and its famous Herzliya High School. The first sherrut taxi is there too: a horse-drawn diligence. Downtown, we even see Soskin's photography shop. As the Mandatory city grows, a few English motorcycles, Ariel or Harley Davidson, can also be discerned.

Some of the quaint architecture of the period is positively twee; and nothing could have been uglier than



Rachel Timor: Beit Shlomo Feingold, Tel Aviv (Jerusalem Theatre).

the "Pagoda." For better or worse, most of these legendary homes have disappeared.

Timor's paintings are without pretensions, a few nicely free watercolours have little documentary function. The flat, textureless, naive-like oils make no bones about having been meticulously copied from the photographs. The yellows and

ochres are often crudely harsh but the light in general is quite cold, colder than Tel Aviv in the winter. The streets and the buildings are spotlessly clean; even apart from the camel and horse dung, they weren't. Nevertheless, "Tel Aviv of Yesterday" is replete with the charm of a curiosity. (Jerusalem Theatre Gallery for New Artists).

New art books

Meir Ronnen

WILL DYSON, by Ross McMullin (Angus and Robertson, 337pp., £16.50, profusely illustrated in black-and-white and colour) is a massive and readable biography of one of the fathers of the modern British political cartoon—and one of the notable Australian cartoonists of all time, who was also the leading Australian war artist of the First World War. He is perhaps best remembered for his prophetic cartoon of 1919, with Clemenceau remarking "Curious, I seem to hear a child weeping," a babe of the class of 1940. Dyson had earlier produced a cartoon of a capitalist firing bodies loaded into a machine-gun belt, an image revived in our times by Tomi Ungerer and several Yugoslav cartoonists, who all likely never heard of Dyson. But the influence of Dyson was still pervasive when I was an art student in Melbourne.

Dyson was born in 1880 in Ballarat, an Australian mining town, and died in 1937. He married a Lindsay (they were the handsomest and most artistically talented family in Australia) and his wife and daughter were famously stunning beauties. Dyson's sister fell in love with a Melbourne Jew whose family refused to countenance his marrying a shiksa; the young man volunteered for the Western Front and was killed leading a charge. Dyson himself was an anti-Semite, who equated all Jews with pawnbrokers; together with army historian C.E.W. Bean and Keith Murdoch, founding father of a press dynasty in Australia, Dyson unsuccessfully lobbied the Australian Prime Minister, Billy Hughes, against giving command of the Australian Corps (three divisions) on the Western Front to the brilliant General John Monash, a Jew. While acknowledging that Monash was the best man to help bring the war to a conclusion, they didn't see much point in having it won by a "pushy" Jew. Bean later admitted they had been stupid.

After the war Monash voiced



Jack Levine: "The Daley Gesture," 1969, drypoint and aquatint.

objections to Dyson's depiction of Australian soldiers in a memorial work; he remembered his men as being younger and more baby-faced. One of the photographs of "Diggers" at the front that Dyson produced to refute Monash is published here, but in my opinion it only supports Monash's contention.

Dyson, who before the Great War worked in London, almost invented the image of fat capitalist vs. the handsome worker, but few of his cartoons were tainted with Jewish caricature; later, working in Australia, he was strongly anti-fascist and anti-Nazi. While Monash is widely remembered (his name adorns an Australian university) there must be very few people, in Australia or outside it, who know who Dyson was. This fine book is a fitting memorial.

The Complete Graphic Works of Jack Levine by Kenneth W. Prescott and Emma-Stina Prescott (Dover, large format paperback, 81 plates, \$8.95) is a reminder of the achievements of an American painter who has sunk from sight of late; and who was the only noted American-Jewish artist of the '30s. Levine (b. Boston, 1915) is an outstanding satirical "portraitist" with a clearly identifiable style, famous chiefly for his large-headed dumpy figures depicting American gangsters, sexy molls, dedicated society types, bloated politicians and other Americana of the '30s and '40s. Following his father's death, Levine turned to Jewish themes as well, producing mov-

ing "portraits" of Jewish kings and sages; he has a splendid eye for the East European Jewish type. Levine's etchings are masterly and this excellent publication, available at Dover's usual low price, contains a fine appreciation, a chronology and informed notes to each work.

The Art Dealers, edited by Laura de Coppel and Alan Jones (Clarkson N. Potter/Crown Publishers, 320 pp., \$24.95) is a waste of money. It is subtitled "The Powers Behind the Scene Tell How the Art World Really Works." Needless to say, they don't. The 32 dealers interviewed here (we get their comments, not the questions put to them) can't afford to tell the truth. What we do get are a bundle of evasions and contradictions, in the course of 32 self-serving monologues. Of course that in itself may be revelatory, but one suspects that this was not the editors' intention. Also revealing are the photographs of the dealers, some of them posed studio shots or near barmilzva pictures and all obviously chosen by the dealers themselves; some taken of the women are at least 15 years old. A few of the dealers have at some time worked with (and even slept with) some of the others, but there are no revelations here either. The only pithy remark comes from Andre Emmerich (who hides his face behind a broken-up montage); he describes Leo Castelli and himself as the "leaders of the pack," because they seem to experience early on what others seem to experience a little later.

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Harold Rubin: ink drawing on paper (Artists' Pavilion, T.A.).

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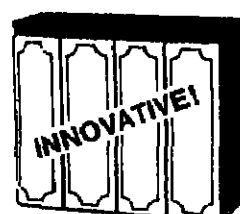
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MUSEUMS

Israel Museum. Exhibitions: Meet the Israeli Artist, for children, 10 a.m.-5 p.m., 10-12. Artists Present in the Gallery: Amichai Hammer Collection, live centurion of masterpieces; Moshe Kupferman, paintings, works on paper; Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art and Archaeology, Photography, for children (Palestine Center near Rockefeller Museum).

Rockefeller Museum. The Other Side of the River. Ancient Egyptian funerary objects.

Hebrew University. The Ruben and Edith Hecht Museum at Haifa University is open daily except Fridays from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and on Saturdays from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. What's On in Haifa, dial 04-640810.

Other Centres
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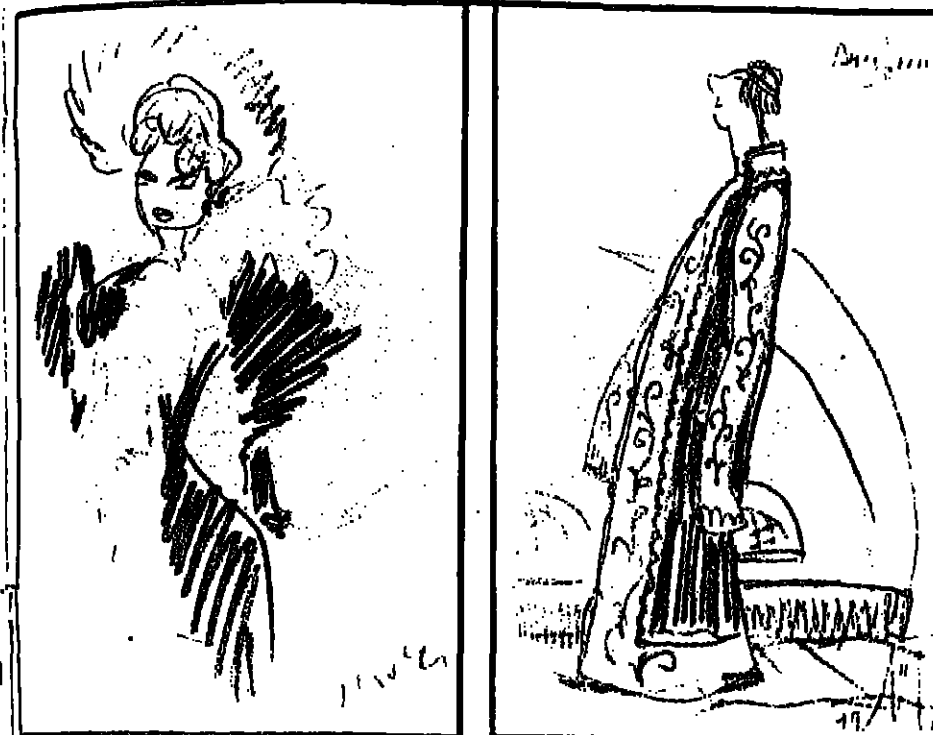
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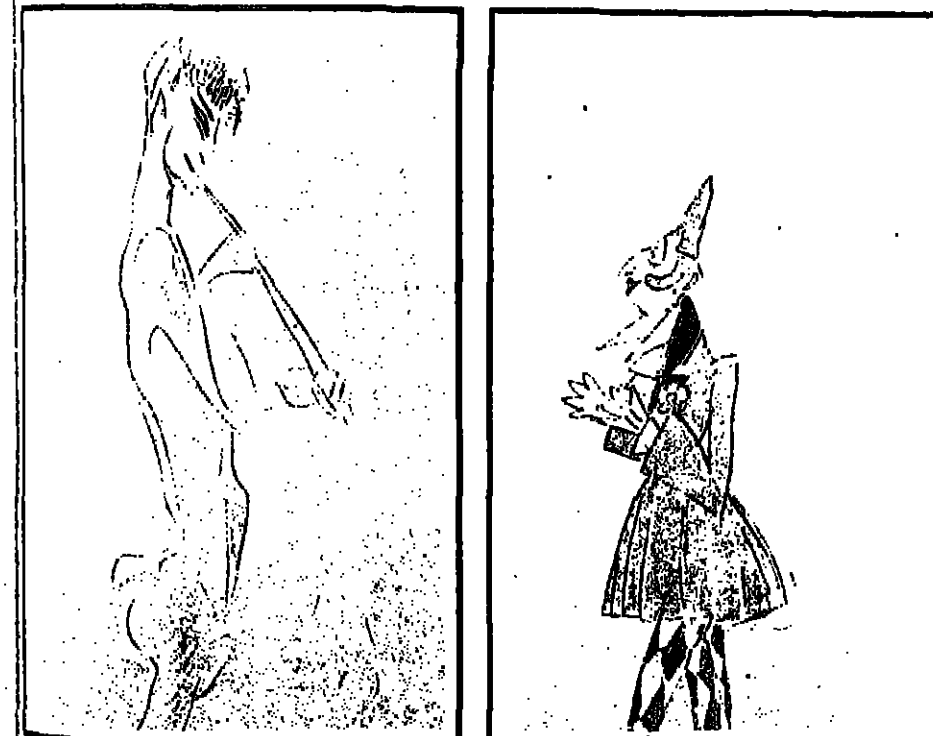
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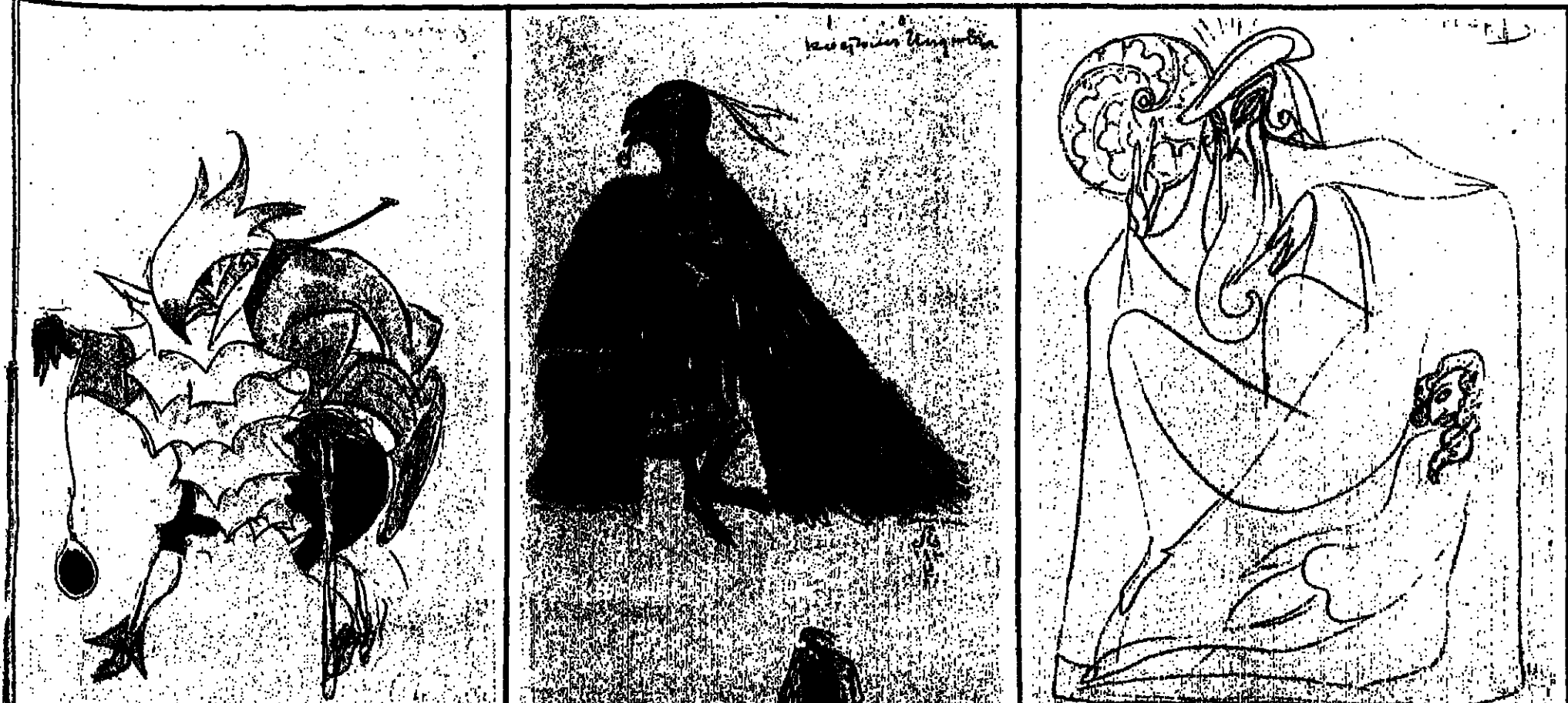
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Left: From a French Novel" and, at right, a design for Vladimir Stanzky in "Ivan the Terrible."



Above: a faun; and a costume design for the Polonaise scene from "Tales of Hoffman," a Proletkult Theatre project, 1921. (Right) Eisenstein's constructivist "ship" set for George Bernard Shaw's Heartbreak House, 1922. (Below, left to right) another costume for "Hoffman"; an Indian from the stage production of "The Mexican," 1920; and an early caricature of Leonardo da Vinci.



WHAT WITH all we've been hearing lately about Israelis being so verbally violent, it's cheering to note that in Netiva Ben-Yehuda's new book, *Brachot v'Klali* (Blessings and Curses), the former outnumber the latter.



"There are three reasons for that," the author told *The Jerusalem Post* in a recent interview. "First of all, blessings are more likely to be written down for posterity than curses are. Second, we have all the holidays and *mitzvot* like births and bar mitzvahs and marriages that call for blessings. And third, even with out the special occasions, Jews are constantly uttering blessings.

"An observant Jew, for example, traditionally says about 150 blessings a day. From the moment he awakens, when he goes to the bathroom, when he washes, when he eats, when he greets his neighbour. But blessings are part of the everyday speech of the non-observant Jew as well. Even the dedicated secularist is forever saying *Baruch haba* [welcome, but literally, blessed is the visitor], *Thayeh bari* [be healthy], and *sh'yehyeh tov* [things should only turn out well]."

But what about the charge that Israelis are forever lambasting each other, that verbal violence in this country has reached unprecedented levels?

"Nonsense!" Ben-Yehuda snapped. "People have terribly short memories. In the early days of the state, during the austerity period, tempers were always short, everyone was terribly rude, people cursed each other on the slightest pretext. You saw fistfights on the street all the time. People today simply forget what it was like. And who lectures us about verbal violence? Our leaders—and they're always out of touch with the people."

THIS LAST point has been rather a perennial theme in Netiva Ben-Yehuda's long, iconoclastic career—especially when it comes to the Hebrew language. It provided much of the impetus, for example, for her collaboration 12 years ago with Tel Aviv bohemian artist Dahn Ben-Amotz on their best-selling slang dictionary, the *Milon Olami L'Ivrit Meduberet* (roughly, the Universal Lexicon of Hebrew as She Is Spoken). She also co-edited a snook at officialdom in her 1981 memoir about her Palmach days, *Between Calendars*, which was praised both for its shattering of myths and for its unusually



accurate recording of colloquial Hebrew on the printed page (a follow-up volume, as yet untitled, is to be published soon).

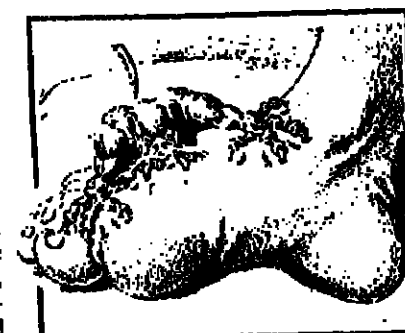
Her hackles were up again a few years back when the Knesset held a debate on the alleged degraded state of the Holy Tongue. In a series of articles in *Davar*, Ben-Yehuda picked apart the speeches of the MKs, showing to hilarious effect how abysmally they themselves misuse the language.

"And now these people tell us how verbally violent we are," she says. "As usual, they don't know what they're talking about."

When it comes to Hebrew, both high and low, Netiva Ben-Yehuda certainly knows what she's talking about. From her birth in Tel Aviv in 1928, Netiva was raised in a household that spoke only the purest Hebrew. Her father Baruch was principal of the renowned Gymnasia Herzliya, and later the first director-general of the Education Ministry. Baruch Ben-Yehuda was unrelated to Eliezer ben-Yehuda, but like the famed lexicographer he would not permit, at the threat of violence of the nonverbal variety, a syllable of his native Russian or Yiddish to be uttered within his walls.

Outside the home, meanwhile, Netiva revelled in the rich colloquial tongue that her generation was busily inventing. After university she settled in Jerusalem and for 30 years was an editor of government publications, trying, as she puts it, "to make official gibberish intelligible."

Today, as an independent writer, editor and lecturer, Netiva says she's devoted to protecting all levels of the language. But she retains a special affection for street Hebrew, and she's still fighting to legitimize it.



Her new book is a charming blend of common and uncommon expressions chosen from a wide variety of sources. "The idea for the book originated with Keter, the publishers," she said, "but I'd long been interested in the subject. And when I started doing my research, I was surprised to find that, although there's no end of anthologies in Hebrew, nobody had ever gathered blessings and curses."

SUBTITLING her book "A personal Collection," Ben-Yehuda determined that to qualify as a curse or a blessing, the intent of the phrase should be a wish. "My researcher Yotik Verta and I had to set some limits," she said. "So we decided that an expression of thanks or advice or encouragement didn't fit."

"Likewise a nasty word alone doesn't make for a curse," she said. "Nor is just calling somebody a *hanor* [donkey]. When you curse or bless someone, you call on the powers-that-be to bring about a change in his fortunes or conditions. That's a serious matter. And that's why Jews traditionally have been leery of curses. You know, it says in Proverbs, 'Death and life are in the power of the tongue,' and I hear people remark on that quite often."

Netiva's book is divided into six chapters, covering such matters as birth and death, love and hate, holidays and, tourists, and so on. The opening section, appropriately called "First Things," starts with that most popular of good wishes, the one we use on greeting and leave-

Count your curses

Netiva Ben-Yehuda talks about her new compilation of Hebrew blessings and curses
S.T. Meravi.



taking. "Shalom!" is then followed by what is probably our next most popular salutation, "Shalom, shalom!" More of these innocent wishes follow, each marked with a little pink flower. But soon we come to the phrases marked with little black boxes: the curses.

After a dozen variations on the theme of peace, that old scourge Jeremiah suddenly intrudes with "Peace, peace, and there is no peace." And now the black boxes come tumbling one atop the next. "Be damned!" "Be cursed!" And another from this same first page of curses, attributed to the Hagashah Hahiver comedy trio and guaranteed to strike terror into the heart of every Israeli: "May your telephone go out of order!"

ILLUSTRATED by graphic artist Naomii Morag's generous selection of line drawings, cartoons and photographs, the subsequent chapters present an avalanche of all the affection and affliction we wish on each other. Ben-Yehuda's sources include both the Old Testament and the New Testament, Latin poets, Jews from the Golden Age of Spain, the Baal Shem Tov, Percy Shelley, Maimonides, contemporary literature, newspapers, television and quotable notables like Menachem Begin, Yitzhak Shamir and Ezer Weizman.



The last chapter is devoted to specialties, which chiefly mean phrases in Yiddish and Ladino presented in the original, since they're just too juicy to translate. Popular endearments of the former: "You

should shout from toothache, a bone should stick in your throat so you can't swallow or belch, you should sit on scorpions, you should wear your trousers thin sitting *shiva*, you should go blind, your name should be erased from the Book of Life, you should swallow an umbrella and it should open in your stomach." And from Ladino: "Coffin lids should fall on you."

Peculiar Israeli sources include memorial albums, soldiers' greetings over the Army Radio, and personal announcements placed in newspapers and even on walls. In this last category is a broadside that the Natorei Karta once posted throughout Jerusalem's Mea She'arim neighbourhood. Among other things it stated that "anyone who lends his eyes to that foul thing called television will endanger the immortality of his soul!"

Yet, as Netiva Ben-Yehuda illustrates, the Natorei Karta were only taking a leaf out of Rashi, whose anagrammatic catalogue of curses upon the enemies of Israel includes "spitting swords at them, humiliating them, driving them mad with anger, starving them, damning them, obliterating them from memory, sending them plagues and monsters, poisoning their wells—and anything else you can think of." All of which makes that former chief of general staff's vow to "grind their bones" seem pretty tame by comparison.

SO NETIVA may very well be right when she says that our era is not particularly notable for verbal violence. Yet one must always go ready-armed, and *Brachot v'Klali* provides plenty of ammunition.

Let's say your antagonist opens mildly with: "You should win the Mifal Hapayis and therefore always have your relatives hanging about your house." "To that you can riposte



with something demure, say from Rahel, the sweet singer of Galilee: "May you have shorter days."

Whereupon your enemy is liable to reply with this from Sholem Aleichem: "You should be called from above, and it should happen in our days."

Now you can escalate with a quote from the poet Yehoshua: "Your wife should shorten your life until you agree to buy her a Cadillac, and then the Cadillac should shorten both your lives."

The automotive image inspires your enemy to reply by quoting from Dahn Ben-Amotz: "They should scrape you off the road with a scraper [in Hebrew: *scrap-pal*]."

In response you naturally reach for the heavy guns of Yiddish: "There should be a cloudburst at your funeral, so all your relatives should catch their death of cold."

To which your attacker turns to the Bible and quotes from Joel: "You will not even have a grave, but will lie exposed for the birds and beasts to pick apart."

But of cursing there is no end. Asked for her personal favourite from all the quotes in the book, Netiva happily turned to a pair of "blessings," which happened to be

clipped from the Jerusalem newspaper *Kol Ha'ir*. The first read: "To Poriya: Numerous blessings on your conscription. May you ascend



the ladder of success in the army and in your life, without any slip-ups. We love you, From Edna and all the gang."

Netiva was particularly charmed by the fact that this well-wishing on beginning military service contains two Arabic terms that have become integral parts of Hebrew slang ("fashlot" for slip-ups and "jannu" for gang).

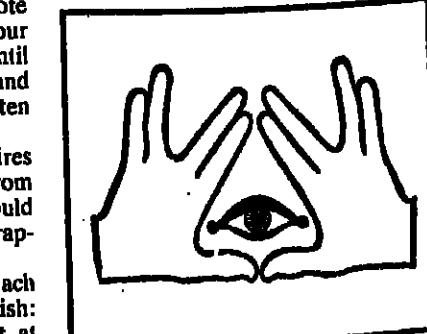
BUT EVEN better is the message that appeared alongside the above in the same newspaper:

"To Poriya: On the occasion of your conscription, many blessings. A pleasant and easy period of service from your workmates at the Diplomat Hotel, Ahmad, Abu Jamil, Muhammed Asmail and Abu Saayah."

Which brought to mind one of my favourite quotes from the book: "Wallah! Alterman, Salamaio, hoo midaber m'halei!" (an Arab brew wishing peace unto the poet Natan Alterman, who speaks straight from the heart).

Netiva was also especially amused by a full page of advertisements that appeared in *Yedioth Aharonot*, and which she has reproduced in her book. The greetings came on the occasion of a certain establishment's move to new premises. The various advertisers wish the company a "blessed and busy year," a "fruitful and successful year," and "abundant and prosperous business." The firm receiving all this good cheer sells guns.

Even though this virtually amounts to a prayer for plenty of gunplay, Netiva sees the ads as just another manifestation of the Jewish propensity for bestowing blessings at every occasion. From her research for *Brachot v'Klali*, from her periodic lectures to IDF units, and from her contacts with the bohemian circles of Tel Aviv, Netiva concludes that the Hebrew language is in a vigorous state of health and that people are as inventive as ever, especially when it comes to blessings and curses.



(Illustrations from the book)

"That's why at the end of the book," she smiled, "we included a few pages where readers can jot down their own blessings and curses. There are even detachable postcards with curses and blessings to mail to your enemies and friends—and a card for mailing suggested additions to the publisher for the next edition of the book."

SHE WAS BORN in Middlesex and she left school at 13 and she held odd jobs and she hummed around and she slept around and by age 25 she found herself—horrors!—a clerk at the Inland Revenue. So when she saw the advert in the travel magazine that said: "Writer seeks 'wife' for year on tropical island," naturally enough she answered it. And since she was pretty, blonde and 25, she just as naturally got the job.

And she not only stuck it for the year, she got one up on the writer. She wrote the book herself.

And did a damn good job of it, too.

After getting to know Lucy Irvine through *Castaway*, one finds that last point unsurprising. If Irvine embodies any quality, it is determination. In this case, however, determination is not just the fetching spunkiness of a lively young lady; it also includes some self-serving stubbornness. Yet given Irvine's sole companion on that sparse island of Tuin in the Torres Strait between Australia and Papua, New Guinea, occasionally being a bit of a bitch was necessary for sanity and sheer survival.

Gerald Kingsland, he of the intriguing advert, was no prize catch. The son of a chauffeur, he was a veteran of the army and of two marriages and of two previous attempts at island living. G, as Lucy calls him throughout her book, was also a failed farmer and a bankrupt publisher (porno magazines). He was twice Lucy's age and had half her sense. Thanks to his laziness, procrastination and general lack of direction, the couple nearly died of malnutrition and thirst in their tropical paradise.

IN A WAY—in a very significant way—Lucy Irvine didn't help matters much. She had slept with G in London, but as soon as they underwent the *pro forma* marriage ceremony that the Australian authorities insisted on before lending them Tuin Island, she turned off the sex valve. Understandably enough, G was bewildered and embittered by this. Irvine's only explanation to herself was that she simply didn't fancy him. Yet this too was understandable. G

may have been the likeliest lad on the island, but he was still a shiftless, foul-mouthed lout. G was second to none, but destined to remain a poor second.

Still, there's more than a suspicion that the lady wasn't always reading the situation exactly as it was. "There is little justice," Lucy writes, "when two individuals marry for a set purpose and then one has the misfortune to fall in love with the other and wants that paper union to stand for all the things we are brought up to believe a marriage should." Such piety suggests that Lucy could be less than expert in matters of love and justice. After all, she was sharing G's tent every night

KARL DÖNITZ was the commander of the German navy, and of its U-boat arm. In addition, he was Hitler's successor for the last week or so of the Third Reich. He wrote the following short letter to the "British people," that traditional object of German envy and hate, to be opened only after his death, on Christmas Eve 1980: "When we lose war, You lose with us! True enemies, red Russia and Communism, are now on your door! After the war, you judge us: why? I know, so well as you, that no true war was in accusation, if you except struggle against Hebrews!"

UNITE AND SAVE EUROPE!... In the last decades of his life, Dönitz expressed remorse about nothing, except perhaps in this letter. He felt bitterness to the end about the 10 years in Spandau he had been sentenced to during the Nuremberg trials.

PETER PADFIELD, a prolific naval historian, does not care for Dönitz.

At the end of his study, he does concede that Allied psychologists at Nuremberg assessed Dönitz's IQ at 138 but in the course of the book he presents him as obtuse, dogmatic, narrow-minded, callous, humourless and hypocritical.

Dönitz becomes both the subject and the embodiment of his old-style reading of German history, which he



One of 125 beautiful colour plates from "A Sketchbook of Birds" by C.F. Tunnicliffe (Gollancz, £5.95). The painter, who died in 1979, was a great naturalist and an obsessive perfectionist who first achieved recognition in 1932 with his illustrations to "Tarka the Otter." Ian Niall mentions in his introduction that Tunnicliffe became an R.A. and was awarded the O.B.E. but doesn't say that to make ends meet he had to take up part-time teaching at Manchester Grammar School. A.B.

Tropical paradise

CASTAWAY by Lucy Irvine. London, Penguin. 393 pp., £2.50.

Madeline L. Kind

may have been the likeliest lad on the island, but he was still a shiftless, foul-mouthed lout. G was second to none, but destined to remain a poor second.

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"The weeks that followed were unrelentingly hot and dry. We seemed to have entered a new phase

of weather. There were no longer grey clouds gliding by to taunt us with unreliable promises of rain. The magnesium flare dazzle of the sun hovered in the prickling blue of the sky like the vapour of burning breath. The hours of cool, after dawn and before sunset, seemed shorter and shorter. The dry heat brought sounds of its own to the quiet interior. Brittle branches crumbled off trees with the softest brush of a shoulder and fell in powdery lumps among paper-dry grasses. Petrified streamers of heat-faded pandanus leaves detached themselves from their moistureless sockets and crackled like Christmas wrapping paper as they broke on baked ground. Footsteps through the rustling tissues of the dying undergrowth were loud. Daily it became easier to see through to the blue distance on the other side of the island as the trees sloughed off their bleached foliage. The colours, russets, ochres, bronze, reminded me of autumn, but here death came from the sun, and there was no rich dark winter to come."

LUCY AND G likely would not have survived without the assistance of neighbouring native islanders. But since the ground rules and indeed the overall objective of their year as castaways were never clearly defined, outside aid hardly spoiled their experiment in island living (true castaways, they reasoned, must be prepared to accept the good luck with the bad). Lucy proved to be an excellent amateur ethnographer, learning a great deal and winning the natives' admiration and trust. The contact also gave G an opportunity to bring skills, energy and ambition to the surface; this made him valuable to the islanders and not incidentally improved things with his *pro forma* wife.

How the couple concluded the year is as dramatic as how they began it: Lucy almost succumbed to the temptation to remain an islander. But remaining with G was something else. Instead of sharing G's life, she returned to her father's hotel in Scotland and wrote G's book. It's a fine story.

IN HIER preface, Natalie Zemon Davis writes that "the more I savoured the creation of the film, the more my appetite was whetted for something beyond it." She was troubled, she says, by the film's departures from the historical record for the sake of dramatic impact. Historical trends, background detail, and imponderables were all sacrificed in the interests of suspense.

The book, then, is intended to fill in gaps, raise questions and chart the making of history, from actual incident, through numerous tellings, to celluloid. It reflects the needs and instincts of the historian rather than the craft of the film-maker.

Certainly, for one whose appetite, like that of the author, was whetted by the film, the book is a welcome addition. Davis is strongest when sketching the Basque origins of the Guerre family, and speculating on the probable influence that the rising Protestant movement had on the atmosphere of the period. If not on the incident itself, the impersonation becomes more easily understandable as a product of peasant fears and prejudices, rather than simply in terms of the almost magical powers of du Tili.

Unfortunately, the paucity of prime source material has reduced Davis to conjecture and supposition a lot of the time, which blunts the telling of the tale. Having seen the film, one has difficulty in relating to the incident as dry history, with all its uncertainties. The free of the actor Gerard Depardieu is firmly etched on this viewer's mind as du Tili's and no description of the author's can erase it.

Judging by the copious footnotes and references, Davis is an accomplished (or at any rate diligent) historian. Unfortunately, she is not much of a story-teller.

He provides a detailed and objective analysis of the U-boat war, and of surface battles, and presents the student of World War II naval history with a basic and informative text. It is doubtful whether anything better about Dönitz will be written in the foreseeable future.

Impostor

THE RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE by Natalie Zemon Davis. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts and London, 162 pp. No price stated.

Roy Isaacowitz

The Return of Martin Guerre was not one of those movies that one expected to be followed at a short distance by a book. It was too good, too non-commercial and low-key to fit into the "have you read the book?" category. Which probably says something about stereotypes.

Martin Guerre was indeed followed by a book, which was undoubtedly intended to cash in on the film's success. But there the similarity between the book at hand and the made-to-order-from-Hollywood variety ends. Both the film and the book about Martin Guerre were based on a true incident in sixteenth century France, meaning that they both were nourished from the same source, instead of one feeding off the other.

The author, a Princeton historian, collaborated in the making of the film about the very strange life and times of Martin Guerre, who entered history by default when an impersonator took over his life, inherited his lands and bedded his wife while he was away in the wars. The incident was recorded by one of the judges who eventually sentenced the impersonator, Arnaud du Tilh, to death, and has subsequently often featured in French literature and folklore.

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Hitler's successor

DÖNITZ: The Last Führer by Peter Padfield. London, Victor Gollancz. 524 pp. £12.95.

Benny Morris

considers the unfolding of an imperialist and aggressive design extending from Bismark, Tirpitz, and Kaiser Wilhelm to Raeder, Hitler and Dönitz. Since the mid-19th century, Germany has aspired to world-mastery. Hitler made a more murderous attempt, and failed more catastrophically, to achieve the Kaiser's aim earlier in the century.

Dönitz, a U-boat captain and a hero in the first world war, was only attempting to fulfil Germany's, and his innermost, ambitions, in the second world war. Here is at least a partial explanation of why the military acquiesced in Hitler's domination of the armed forces from 1933 to 1938. Germany was—perhaps is—consistent and incorrigible, argues Padfield, a trifle monotonously throughout this massive biography.

Dönitz had a middle-class background but was educated in a naval version of the Prussian tradition. (In some ways, naval men had to out-Prussian the Prussians.)

THROUGHOUT World War II,

In addition, he acquiesced in orders contravening the Geneva Conventions. British commandos were murdered by German naval units; torpedoed Allied sailors were massacred by U-boat crews.

AT NUREMBERG, Dönitz was cleared of the charge of "conspiracy to wage aggressive war" but was found guilty of "waging aggressive war" and "war crimes." Padfield observes: "It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to discover on what grounds these guilty verdicts were brought in."

However, after reviewing all the evidence which has come to light since Nuremberg, Padfield concludes that Dönitz should "have joined Goering, Ribbentrop, Keitel, Jodl and the rest of the twelve condemned to death by hanging."

Dönitz knew about the Final Solution, connived at slave labour, and was responsible for crimes against Allied personnel. His autobiographical writings, after his release from Spandau, were a compound of "half-truths, evasions and downright lies" regarding Nazi crimes and the German naval performance, Padfield writes.

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Spooning at forty

A GOLD BANNER fitted around the dust jacket of this latest volume in the Cambridge Edition of the Letters and Works of D.H. Lawrence grandly announces "The New Novel." But alas, *Mr. Noon* is neither entirely new nor entirely a novel.

The first third of the book was prepared for publication as a self-contained novella, and indeed saw the light, albeit posthumously, in Lawrence's *A Modern Lover* in 1936. Whether the subsequent two-thirds ever should have seen the light is a question we'll come to. This section has virtually nothing to do with the first but for the use of the name Gilbert Noon. In 1922 Lawrence abandoned the whole thing in mid-sentence. The manuscripts and carbon were then "lost" until 1972, when they were put up for auction by Sotheby Parke Bernet. The oil-rich university of Texas gobbled them up, and now Cambridge, after the obligatory 12 years of scholarly meddling, has put the book in our hands.

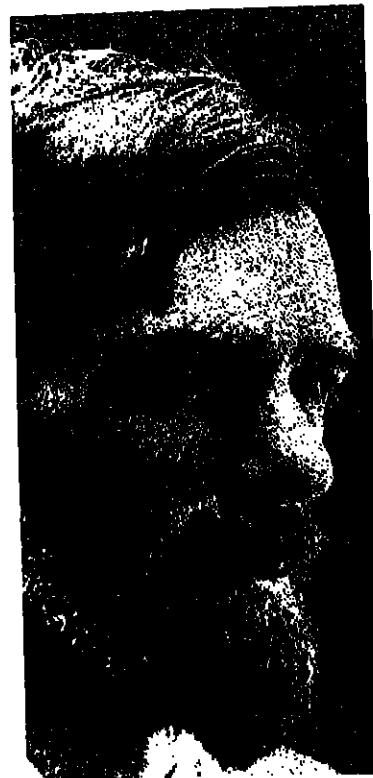
Those who recall the first portion of the book may also recall that it has little to recommend it. It does have that happy little chapter about the English working-class rite known as spooning, and, despite his giggles, the subject inspires Lawrence to some healthily erotic writing: "And she was sinking backward, and swaying, sinking deep, deep, into the depths beyond vision; and swaying, swaying as a stone sways as it sinks through deep waters."

But schoolmaster Gilbert Noon's amatory pursuits around the Nottingham collieries also inspire Lawrence to writing that can be described only as, well, Lawrentian:

"WHAT SHE HEARD in his speech was that he loved her: loved not the girl in her, nor the independent, modern, theorising woman Lewie had loved; not that, but the soft, full, strange, unmet Aphrodite of forty, who had been through all the ideal raptures of love and marriage and modern motherhood, through it all, and through the fiam of the fight for freedom, the sea of ideal right and wrong, and now was emerging, slowly, mysteriously, ivory-white and soft, woman still, leaving the sea of all her past, nay, the sea of all the extant human world behind her, and rising with dark eyes of age and experience, and a few grey hairs among the dark; soft, full-bodied, mature, and woman still, unpossessed, unknown of man, unfathomed, unexplored, belonging nowhere and to no one, only to the unknown distance, the untrodden shore of all the sea of all human knowledge. Aphrodite, mistress, mother of all the worlds of unknown knowledge that lie over our horizon, she felt him looking at her with strange full eyes, seeing her in her unguessed ivory-soft nudity, the darkness of her promise in her eyes, the woman of forty, and desiring her with profound desire that seemed like a deep, far-off bell booming, or a sea coming up."

Or is that my lunch coming up? And this is from the polished portion of *Mr. Noon*.

A few pages into the new section of the book it looks like we're in for more of the same. ("Gilbert was dressed for outdoors, overcoat and stick, and hat on his head. Life—life!") Yet things fare somewhat better here—largely because Lawrence has a better subject. Noon is suddenly living in Germany ("How Gilbert came to be living in his flat I shan't tell you," Lawrence crabs at the reader, "I am sick of these ex-



MR. NOON by D.H. Lawrence. Cambridge University Press. 363 pp. No price.

S.T. Meravi

planations"). And in Germany Noon meets Johanna, a buxom Valkyrie married to a boring English scholar many years her senior; Johanna is also mother to several tiresome tykes. Gilbert and his Valkyrie decide to run off together.

Now if this sounds more than a bit like D.H. Lawrence and Frieda von Richthofen, well, the similarity is hardly coincidental. What follows is virtually straight autobiography and reportage, as the copious Cambridge Edition notes document for us. Unfortunately, the best parts of the ensuing narrative, like the hike over the Austrian Alps and the famous night in the hay hut, are things Lawrence and Frieda have already given us in their fiction, travel writings, memoirs and published letters.

BUT SOME OTHER pleasures await us. The unabashed nature of the rough draft allows us premarital exchanges like this:

"Do you know, I was rather frightened that you weren't a good lover. But it isn't every man who can love a woman three times in a quarter of an hour—and so well—is it?" and she looked round at him with a radiant and triumphant face, holding his comb in one hand. He almost blushed.

"How should I know?" he muttered, turning aside.

"I assure you it isn't," she said. "Whereupon Lawrence steps in to inform the reader: 'I can see absolutely no sounder ground for a permanent marriage than Johanna's—three times in a quarter of an hour, and so well.'"

Much of the description of the hike is a joy, and rough-draft or no, some fine observations survive, such as—despite the dangling opener—this:

"Returning at evening, the glow-worms were shining in the grass, low-down, their strong, electric-green lights seeming to give off a sudden joyous sound. There was a faint scent of birch-trees, and ice-water, and spring in the dusky air. And everywhere, in the forest-

tangle of deep grass, the sudden jewel-lamps of the glow-worms, sending a faint, smoky, witch-like gleam upon the surrounding grass-stems. So that one could easily imagine oneself a tiny gnome, down in a jungle of ferocious tall grass. Gilbert would stoop and watch them, sitting crouched on his heels at the silent road-side, watching the living, tangled stars emit their luminous fume, lighting up a tiny, tiny grass-stemmed world of their own...."

Also of interest is the scene where Johanna tells Gilbert that she's had it off with a friend of theirs during an earlier part of the hike. At this news Noon "doesn't know what to feel" and just keeps hiking; later he tells Johanna it doesn't matter, which doesn't please her in the least. And a section near the very end has Noon coming to an epiphany about freedom that is intriguing in itself and promising of greater things. But then the book breaks off. Said Lawrence in his correspondence: "I doubt if I want to finish it."

IF LAWRENCE didn't want to finish it, should we even begin it? The unequivocal answer is yes and no. Lawrence "scholars" of course must have volumes like this, with their textual variants and their appendices and their maps and their brainless footnotes; you will not believe this, but when Lawrence alludes to the cow jumping over the moon, a note reads: "From the nursery rhyme 'Hey Diddle Diddle' (The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes, ed. Iona and Peter Opie, Oxford, 1952, no. 213)." *Mr. Noon* even comes with numbered lines, giving the pages a curiously biblical look, which no doubt would have amused Lawrence no end.

For the rest of us who like literature too much to be scholars, however, the answer is less clear. We can be grateful for the good bits, but we're embarrassed for the author by the bad. The latter cannot diminish Lawrence's great accomplishments elsewhere, but the fact that he chose not to finish this book must stand for something.

This is quite unlike the case of Kafka, who asked that his manuscripts be tossed into the fire (did Franz have an inordinate fear of striking matches for himself?). What we have here is a book that Lawrence dropped not for its literary failings—he knew he could have saved it had he wanted—but one that was too close to his immediate experience. He had had an autobiographical fling in *Sons and Lovers*, but that was a decade before, and it is likely that a more mature Lawrence had come to see some wisdom in maintaining more distance between himself and his fiction. After all, when Lawrence exuberantly told his story of running off with Frieda in his book of poems, *Look! We Have Come Through!*, one critic remarked that they may have come through, but that didn't mean anyone had to look.

THAT REMARK may well have told with Lawrence. With Frieda's husband still to be dealt with, with Frieda as yet to make her peace with herself about abandoning her children, Lawrence had good reason not to rush into print. It is also significant that a decade later—and indeed right up until his death—he was still disinclined to work on the book.

The Cambridge edition of a writer's castoffs is one of the hazards that goes with the job. Despite the publisher's claim, *Mr. Noon* is not by any stretch of the imagination a "new work of major importance to the canon." Even the fact that it has come through does not mean we have to look.

THIS unsatisfactory war seems destined to generate unsatisfactory books. First we had the Timmerman tirade, useless as it is on a tomb but not without a certain infuriating charm; then the spate of books by globe-trotting foreign correspondents who conceal their staggering ignorance with photos of grief-crazed Palestinian mothers artistically framed amid the rubble of the refugee camps; then analyses by Israeli journalists who, given the nature of this society, are almost too well-informed—that is, too close to events and to the political intrigues behind them to make the war fully comprehensible to the outside world.

Richard Gabriel's new book therefore at least seemed promising. An American political scientist and army reserve major, Gabriel is an adviser to both Congress and the Pentagon. He's written 15 books on military subjects and has lectured by invitation at various IDF institutions. Accompanying his book-jacket biography are endorsements from Senator Cranston, directors of strategic studies institutes, and the head of the *Time* magazine bureau in Jerusalem, all of whom enthuse that this book may well be the definitive study of the war.

Gabriel does present a reasonably clear blow-by-blow account, and what seems a sound if conventional analysis of IDF performance. And he is no enemy of Israel. But if this book is to be a definitive study, for starters Gabriel at least ought to purge the howlers from his text for the next edition.

As far as I know, for example, we do not have a commander on the Golan or anywhere else for that matter named "General Bar Koch Bar." Nor do I think "radical socialist" quite the best description for Vladimir Jabotinsky. Speaking of Jabotinsky, Gabriel manages to get things ass-backwards when he writes: "The Irgun was almost fascist and even today traces its heritage to the Likud Party." But then pondered prose isn't exactly the author's long suit. Sample: "Political parties must refrain from attempting to influence the IDF politically, and the IDF is expected to have no political connections with the political structure."

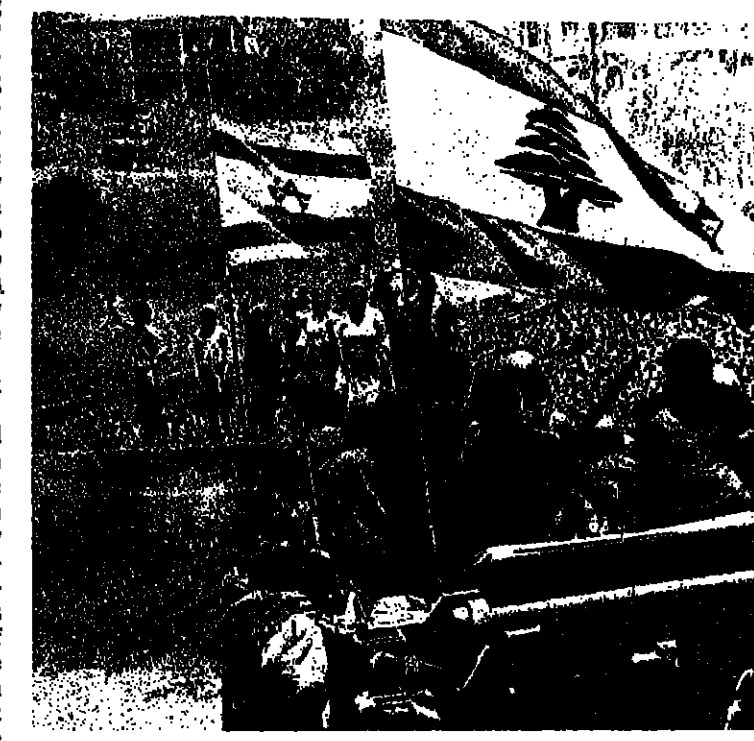
SO MUCH for style and scrupulous-

IF YOU asked the average Israeli, or even a well-educated one, about the respective functions of the Jewish Agency and World Zionist Organization, and their importance in creating a central arena for Israel-Diaspora relationships, you would probably be met with a blank stare, at best. At worst, you would be subjected to a brief tirade on the vast waste entailed in maintaining what are perceived as anachronistic institutions.

There is no question that most Israelis are uninformed or misinformed about the Agency/WZO, which were once one unit but have been legally and functionally separated since the "reconstitution" of the Agency in 1971. This handbook, however, is not for them. Rather, it was produced to guide Diaspora activists in Jewish affairs through the political, legal, budgetary and historical labyrinth created by the Agency since its establishment as an adjunct to the WZO in 1929.

In contrast to the apathy or revulsion evinced by most Israelis towards Agency affairs, many Diaspora community leaders and professional activists in the UJA and the Karen Hayes regard the Agency as nothing less than the embodiment of their ties to Israel and their philan-

Indefinite article



OPERATION PEACE FOR GALILEE by Richard A. Gabriel. New York, Hill and Wang. 242 pp. \$16.95.

Lev Bearfield

What about substance? In his preface, Gabriel tells us that he visited Israel for three weeks, which included seven days in Lebanon. Throughout this time, he says, he conducted numerous interviews, all of them, he assures us, either "long" or "extensive," or "lengthy and extensive." His interviewees included top military and political figures and common soldiers, as well as Lebanese government and militia leaders, and of course journalists.

Yet most of his footnotes indicate that Gabriel relied very heavily on previously published material, stuff either from military journals or from publications like *Newsweek* and *The Jerusalem Post* (in the one instance where he is gracious enough to credit our own Hersh Goodman, the author ungraciously gets Goodman's title

wrong and misspells his name). The numerous errors of fact and the heavy reliance on press cuttings would seem enough to undermine much of Gabriel's credibility and claim to originality. But added to these things is Gabriel's specious boast that he made his way around the IDF censor.

Invited by a local institute to pursue his research in Israel, Gabriel recalls for us the TV news reports in the U.S. labelled "Cleared by Israeli Censors" and says stoutly he would have none of that. So he consented to visit Israel only on "a precondition (that) the IDF would have to waive its censorship requirements. I would not submit my notes or my final work for review... After a short delay, the conditions were agreed to, and I could begin my work in Israel and Lebanon with the clear understanding that I would be free of any censorship and publish what I wished where I wanted."

But all this is a smokescreen arising from a heap of flaming rubbish. By reminding us that foreign TV news film transmitted from here during the war was subject to cen-

sorship, the professor is merely obfuscating; Gabriel must know full well that people writing and publishing books in the U.S. do not have to submit their material to the Israeli censor.

NEVERTHELESS, after giving uninitiated readers the impression that he somehow cowed the Israeli censor into submission, Gabriel boldly begins his study. He shoots two chapters on the history of both the IDF and the PLO, and on page 60 finally gets to the war.

His account is chronological and rather dispassionate. He reports political controversies, such as Sharon's battles within the cabinet and the anti-war protests, but generally suspends judgement on such matters. Gabriel is obviously more at home with things like kill ratios and logistics. He is full of praise for the IDF, especially for the Air Force, for military high-tech and for the medical corps. His four-page discussion of the Merkava could well be reprinted as a sales brochure for the tank. And again and again Gabriel stresses that the IDF did its utmost to minimize civilian casualties.

None of this is very startling, and neither is his fault-finding. He points out that Israel had never fought a mountain war before and therefore advances were often slower than expected. He reports that some Israelis feel that officer material is not what it used to be. He suggests that Israel lost a lot of armour and other heavy weaponry because of a reluctance to deploy infantry screens (translation: in order both to protect your big guns and to find out where to aim them, put your dog soldiers up front to draw fire and get their asses shot off).

Gabriel computes that the war was costly for Israel, but in financial terms not really all that bad, and he is impressed with the captured weaponry. He says that the Syrians and on occasion the PLO fought very well, and notes that Israel lost the propaganda war. Otherwise, he concludes rather cheerfully that Israel achieved its objectives in Lebanon. The professor may be right. But we'll remain unconvinced until a truly comprehensive and accurate study of the war comes along to prove it. This book clearly does not live up to its billing as the definitive word on the war.

Into the labyrinth

UNDERSTANDING THE JEWISH AGENCY: A Handbook. Edited by Daniel Elazar and Alysa Dortort. Jerusalem Centre for Public Affairs. 139 pp. No price stated.

Charles Hoffman

thropic efforts on its behalf.

Unfortunately, the handbook, prepared mainly by the fellows and staff of the Jerusalem Centre for Public Affairs—Elazar's think-tank for Jewish affairs—does not give the committed but critical Diaspora leader an adequate set of information or analytical tools for meeting the task of "understanding the Agency." Yet such an intellectual instrument is sorely needed.

Professor Elazar, a political scientist based in Israel and the U.S., has devoted most of his career to establishing the intellectual and academic respectability of the study of Jewish communal and political organization, local, national and international. In the handbook, he makes no

bones about the fact that he sees the Agency as the "principal authority" in the emerging "world Jewish polity."

DUE TO Elazar's stress on the Agency's political importance, most of the handbook's analytical and historical chapters focus on the processes that led up to the reconstitution of 1971, which made the Diaspora community leaders supposedly equal partners with the leaders of the Zionist parties in the governance of the Agency; on the expressions of increased Diaspora influence, involvement and frustration in the Agency since 1971; and on the changes in Israel-Diaspora relationships in the Agency since the launching of the Caesarea Process in 1981.

These contributions, which include articles by the political scientists Charles Liebman and Ernest Stock, are repetitious and for the most part have not been updated.

Surprisingly little attention is paid to the structure and functions of the

WZO or to the interest shown in recent years by Diaspora leaders such as Max Fisher and Jerold Hoffberger in depoliticizing the Agency and WZO.

It would have been useful to inform Diaspora activists about the true dimensions of politicization in the Agency, which is a matter of controversy. Is it more, or less, ridden with political appointees than government bodies? An opportunity was also missed to analyse the Agency/WZO as a channel for advancement in the Israeli political system. Is this institutional complex a channel of political mobility into the main arenas of the system, or is it mainly a dumping ground for has-beens and fourth-rate party hacks, as is sometimes alleged?

The most glaring omission is any serious analysis of how the programmes of the Agency in settlement, *aliya* and absorption, work with disadvantaged youth, education and housing mesh with government policies in the same areas, and whether or not Agency programmes are answering the real social welfare needs of Israel. There is a gap between the reprinting of sections from the Agency budget book and the incisive social policy analysis that such questions require.

Vermes's well-balanced, lucid and beautifully constructed arguments are a delight to read; and the subjects he deals with are undeniably among the most basic and significant in Western civilization.

Pharisaic Jew

JESUS AND THE WORLD OF JUDAISM by G. Vermes. Philadelphia, Fortress Press. No price stated.

Magen Broshi

"We are so accustomed, and rightly, to make Jesus the object of religion that we become apt to forget that in the earliest records he is portrayed not as the object of religion, but as a religious man." (T.W. Manson, in The teaching of Jesus).

WHEN I recently told a friend, a well-known Israeli author, that Jesus himself was not a Christian but a good Pharisaic Jew, he looked at me askance, as if I were trying to pull his leg. I quoted to him the well-known verse in Matthew (23:2-3): "The scribes and the Pharisees sit on Moses' seat; so practise and observe whatever they tell you, but not what they do; for they preach, but do not practise."

But my friend still retained his incredulous look. This passage clearly states Jesus' stand regarding Pharisaic teachings (but not their deeds) as Halacha. Only a radical Pharisaic Jew could speak like this. And Pharisaism, of course, was the normative Judaism of Jesus' day.

The book under review was written for the benefit of people like my friend, for all those who know little or nothing about Jesus the Jew. Actually, Jesus was so Jewish that a modern reader of the Gospels might even find some of his anti-Genile utterances somewhat embarrassing.

THE BOOK is a collection of 10 papers originally delivered as public lectures. Eight of them deal with the New Testament, in particular with Jesus and his Jewish background. Three others are on aspects of the Dead Sea Scrolls; one of them, "The Impact of the Dead Sea Scrolls on the Study of the New Testament," bridges the two categories.

Geza Vermes, a reader in Jewish studies at Oxford, is one of the few scholars truly qualified to write on the subject of this book. He has a decided edge over most New Testament scholars, for he is very well versed in "inter-testamental" Hebrew and Aramaic literature. Strange as it may seem, few New Testament scholars have direct, independent access to the vast Hebrew and Aramaic sources of post-biblical Judaism, though they often have a good classical background. This is rather absurd because, after all, John the Baptist, Jesus himself, all 12 apostles and three of the four evangelists, not to mention Saul/Paul, were as Jewish as Jews could be.

Moreover, when it comes to the Dead Sea Scrolls, Vermes is one of the sanest voices in the field. Sanity might seem a peculiar adjective to apply to scholarship, but in Dead Sea Scrolls research there has been an unusually high proportion of far-fetched theorizing—much of it quite crazy. What is so surprising about this fact is that many of the authors of these eccentric ideas are scholars with outstanding records of achievement in other fields of research.

Vermes's well-balanced, lucid and beautifully constructed arguments are a delight to read; and the subjects he deals with are undeniably among the most basic and significant in Western civilization.

TEMPTED to learn at last how to play the noble game of tennis, I agreed to join a tennis clinic organized by the Israel Tennis Centre at the Sonesta Hotel in Taba. It was scheduled to last from early Friday morning to Monday evening. I naturally assumed that I would spend the nights dutifully watching Israel Television in some luxury suite or hotel television room; but, as a precaution against the possibility that the clinics might encroach on my viewing time, I set my trusty video to come on at eight o'clock on Friday night. Whatever was to befall me, I thought, I would at least have preserved on a cassette for my return a stipend of Judaism, the weekly magazine, Meni Pe'er's *Party Time* and the Frankie Sinatra thriller.

Alas! The best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley, and my plans went very a-gley indeed. At Taba I discovered what sacrifices are being made by the hardy souls who are holding that outpost of our empire against all potential invaders. The tennis clinic was marvellous, and the Sonesta Hotel was marvellous. (I have a shrewd suspicion that I will write of these things at great length in some future article.) But, more respect, the organizers of the weekend failed lamentably.

They couldn't get Israel Television at Taba. Can you conceive of their sufferings? Here is this handful of Israeli stalwarts, a sort of lost patrol holding the line for Israel, and they can never see or hear those wondrous programmes providing us with Judaism, civics, the Ingathering of the Exiles, the political crises, the economic crises and occasionally even some entertainment.

It is a poignant thought. Somewhere up there in the infinite depths of the sky, Israel Television's programmes are winging their way along the airwaves like a flight of home-sick cranes seeking sanctuary, but can never alight in a television set in Taba.

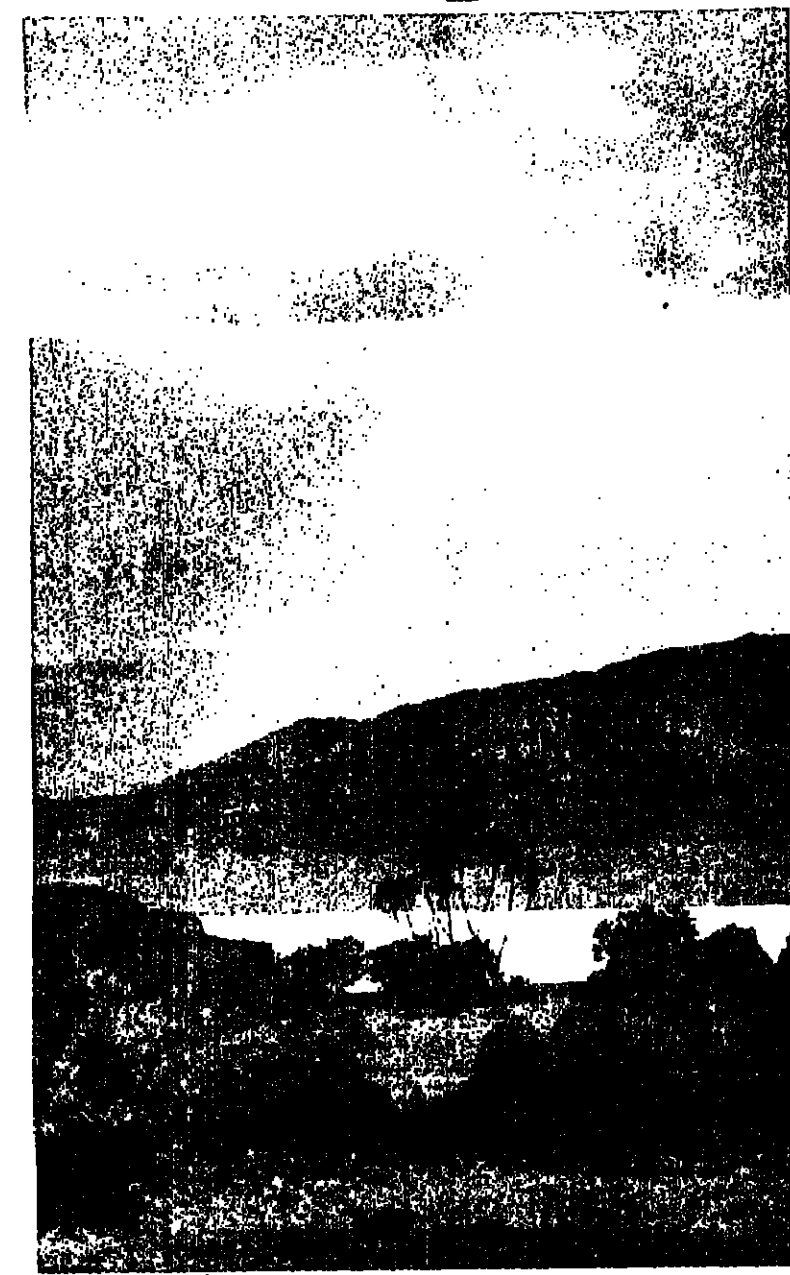
The poor deprived people there were putting up with video films. I joined the children in the hotel, who were enjoying a classic Western about a comely wench who gets raped by three revolting, smelly brothers. She gets a bounty hunter to teach her how to be fast and ruthless on the draw, and pushes them off one by one, incidentally collecting the bounty as well as getting her revenge. Enjoyable, but no substitute for Judaism.

To compound my deprivation in the cause of tennis, I discovered on my return home that, some time on Friday, there had been an interruption in the power that those overpaid idlers at the Israel Electric Corporation are supposed to provide, so the clock of the video had gone on the blink, and the instrument had failed me. No Judaism, no magazine, no Meni Pe'er, no Frankie Sinatra. They had come and gone as though they had never been. The only consolation I have is that I might have got the day wrong, and might have recorded Saturday night's exorcism; *Maine Malmé*.

I RETURNED home in time to see half of *Trapper John*, a good hospital series that we know from Jordan, but am prepared to watch again, *Tom, Dick and Harriet* had one very good scene in which Tom cooks some curry, but, as I feared, the script-writers are working to utter, utter onnu their jokes about intercourse, or the lack of it, between Dick and Harriet.

One of the great weaknesses of all sitcoms is the tendency of script-writers to work on jokes of this kind to death instead of letting them flash across the sky like a meteor and then disappear.

The Taba problem



TELEREVIEW / Philip Gillon

I remember without nostalgia the Ropers of *Three's Company*, with the wife expressing an inexplicable but incessant craving for her husband to fulfil his marital obligations. Joke two: Roper thought that Jack was a homosexual. The amount of mileage extracted from these two feeble conceits could have stretched to the planet Pluto. It was a pity, because otherwise *Three's Company* was very well done.

NOTHING of any importance appeared to have happened on the news during my absence from the blink, and the instrument had failed me. No Judaism, no magazine, no Meni Pe'er, no Frankie Sinatra. They had come and gone as though they had never been. The only consolation I have is that I might have got the day wrong, and might have recorded Saturday night's exorcism; *Maine Malmé*.

To an innocent bystander, it may seem that the easiest place to begin cutting is inside the cabinet, although this might flood the unemployment bureaux with deputy ministers in need of re-training for useful, productive jobs.

My return home was complete when Ram Evron came on the screen with *This is the Time*. Apparently invigorated by his holiday, this superlative interviewer was in exceptionally good form.

There are two types of interviewers. One is the hectoring bully who goes for the interviewee hammer and tongs, like Perry Mason tackling Sergeant Holcomb about which of the three switched revolvers was the murder weapon. This interviewer flaunts his own knowledge and opinions and treats the other party as a crook and an ignoramus, and generally projects his own revolting personality.

Interviews handled by these types generally end in shouting matches, which are supposed to be full of drama and tension, but which I find boring.

The opposite interviewing manner is to be soft, gentle and courteous, and to encourage the interviewee to express his views in his own way and to develop his own television image. While I much prefer this method, there is a danger that it enables the subject to get away with murder.

Evron adopts this second style, but with reservations: he does his homework well, and so can play the interviewee with difficult questions, like the Queen of Sheba testing King Solomon. There is always a hint that Evron has a steel hand inside his velvet glove: he mixes sympathy with astute observations that make the subject consider ideas without feeling that he is being victimized.

Evron applied this technique very effectively this week when dealing with the Gurs, two bereaved parents, whose son had been killed in one of our wars. The catalyst was a play in which Yossi Yadin and Gaby

Abrami were cast in the roles of two fathers at the graves of their sons. One of them says that he is going away as far as he can, probably to Canada, and that he never wants to see the grave again.

The Gurs said they understood this point of view. According to them, Israeli society treats bereaved parents as if they have contracted some loathsome and infectious disease. Old friends cross the street to avoid them; they lose their jobs; they often have to sell up their homes and move; some commit suicide.

I have never heard of a similar phenomenon in other Western countries. But despite the election of Rabbi Kahane to the Knesset, I cannot believe that our society is more cruel than any other. So why should we treat bereaved parents in such a strange way? The answer may indeed be that we think their ill-fortune is contagious for those who have their own loved ones in the forces. Yet we rally round to the point of excess at the funerals and stone-laying ceremonies.

Perhaps Evron will bring us a social psychologist to explain what it is all about.

Another particularly interesting appearance on his programme was that of Amnon Kapeliuk, the left-wing journalist who was in Amman during the Palestine National Council Meeting, and who talked frequently to Yasser Arafat.

Kapeliuk's most illuminating revelation was that his impression of the assembly is that the Palestinians are weary of the dispute with Israel, but that they are determined not to give up an inch of land. If this is correct, we should be able to capitalize somehow on their war-weariness.

ANOTHER outstanding programme was Tuesday night's *Second Link*, devoted to the rehabilitation of an ex-convict through going to a kibbutz. An entire movement for this form of rehabilitation of released prisoners has been started and is being pursued with usual kibbutz thoroughness, including the selection of adoptive parents for the ex-prisoners.

Haim Yavin had told us at the beginning that 70 per cent of released prisoners are recidivists: it was really inspiring to see how the young man we saw was transformed by going to work on the kibbutz, and by being treated as a man by the people there.

In a way it was not only a case of rehabilitating him, but also of rehabilitating the image of the kibbutz. It will open new vistas for the people who were in the van of the national redemption if they embark on social projects like these.

I had an opportunity to see a preview of *Lights*, an animated film shown here during Hanukka. The film, made by the *Gesher* organization, depicts the festival in a very novel way, designed to appeal to Orthodox and secular alike. As its name implies, the aim of *Gesher* is to provide a bridge between people, even between groups as remote from each other as observant and secular Jews in Israel. This bridge, I fear, may require super-construction that will dwarf the Sydney and Golden Gate efforts, but I wish these idealists the best of luck.

For *Lights*, they enrolled such stars as Judd Hirsch of *Taxi*, Leonard Nimoy of *Star Trek* and Paul Michael Glazer of *Starsky and Hutch* to do the narration. The animation was done at Ein Gedi by the studios there, another example of kibbutz social enterprise. *Lights* is to be shown all over the U.S. It is a lovely effort, and made me proud to be a Jew, and much more tolerant of other Jews.

The nature of things



D'vora Ben Shaul

WHENEVER people speak of hibernation they inevitably start to talk about bears. Since most people have been told that bears hibernate in the winter, it usually comes as a shock to find that they actually don't hibernate at all. The reason for this widespread misconception is that there are two separate processes used by certain animals in order to conserve energy in the cold of winter.

The first of these processes is called "wintersleep" or "winter dormancy" - the animals simply retire to their winter quarters and spend most of the winter in a drowsy sort of sleep. But their metabolism functions quite normally and in fact female bears even give birth and nurse their young during this period, a thing that would be utterly impossible in real hibernation.

In true hibernation the animal enters a state that is as close to being dead as can be while still preserving the spark of life. The animal's heartbeat slows to only a very few beats a minute and breathing is almost imperceptible. The body temperature falls to more or less that of the ambient temperature and the organs stop functioning. Even the bone marrow stops producing new cells.

Of course, not all animals are able to hibernate. A cat, for instance, will die if its internal temperature drops below about 16 degrees centigrade, and humans are even more sensitive. Even the hibernating animals, however, have their limits, and they have a built-in safety system that keeps them from actually freezing, which would be fatal. When the temperature gets too low their bodies respond to special sensors, believed to be in the skull, which cause the animals to wake up and move about.

In Israel most animals don't hibernate because, however much we shiver and complain, the temperatures are actually quite mild. European hedgehogs abound in Israel, and although the same species hibernates in Europe, here the hedgehogs are active most of the year except on Mt. Hermon, where they hibernate as well as their European cousins. Nor do they seem to lose the ability through lack of practice, since hedgehogs from all parts of Israel have been induced to hibernate under laboratory conditions.

Incidentally, one of the best little hibernators in the world is the golden hamster, a popular pet as well as a much used laboratory animal. But hamsters do not like to hibernate until they have a good supply of food in their nest, and if it isn't available they are greatly disturbed. This is one little winter sleeper who is already planning for spring.

AFTER A ONE-DAY shopping tour of Haifa and its vicinity, I have the heady self-confidence of those foreign correspondents who spend a week in Israel and become instant experts on the Middle East problem. I trust my Haifa readership will be kind enough to overlook any inaccuracies resulting from such a superficial visit. For once at least, they cannot complain that I'm ignoring the North.

I had excellent guides. Shulamit (Sue) Kretschman and Marsha Levin are co-chairmen of the new Consumer Committee for the Association of Americans and Canadians (AACI) in the Northern Region. Both originally from Philadelphia, both have lived and shopped in the Haifa area for more than a dozen years. Our driver and additional guide was Marsha's husband, Fridel Levin, a former army career officer who is currently between jobs.

What became clear immediately is that Haifa area residents are by no means the neglected stepchildren of the Israeli shopping scene. On the contrary, they have a variety of bargain shopping facilities which would be the envy of consumers in many other parts of the country. From what I could see, Haifaites have no reason to be jealous of their Tel Aviv cousins when it comes to shopping, except perhaps for high-fashion clothing.

Price competition in groceries and household supplies is thriving in the Haifa area, perhaps even more so than in Tel Aviv. This is aided and abetted by the existence of four local weekly newspapers - *Col-Bo* and *Shahaf* Haifa proper, and *Kol Hakrayot* and *Hed Hakrayot* for the bayside communities. Kiryat Bialik, Kiryat Ha'im, Kiryat Motzkin, Kiryat Yam and Kiryat Ata.

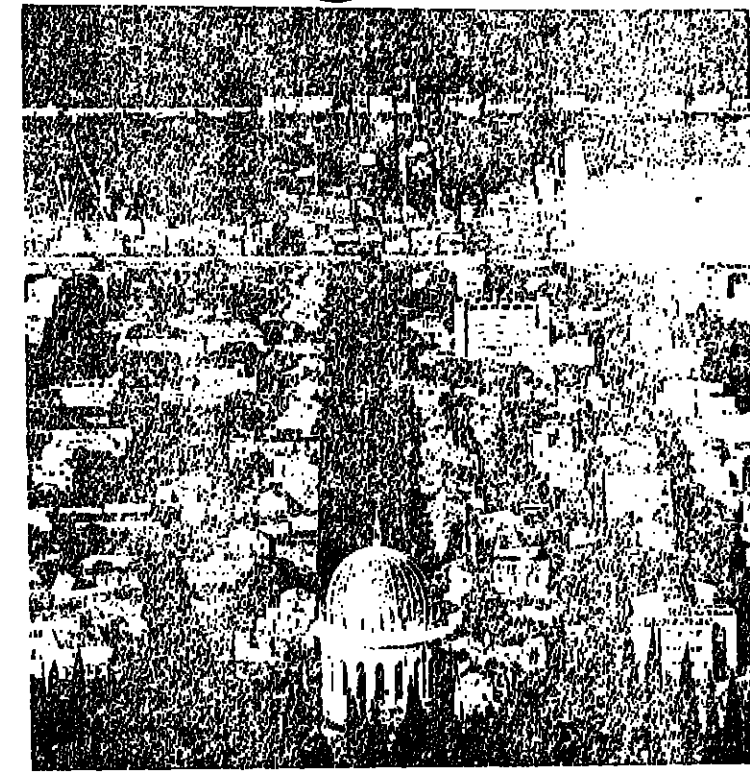
These local papers are well worth scanning for the ads, even if one reads only a minimum of Hebrew. Ads give specific weekly specials from innumerable stores with superlatives in their names, such as Hypermarket, Hyper-Col, Super-Col, Hyperzol, Super Basar, Super Tsameret, Super Ben-Shushan and Super Sirona'ut. Some have less revealing names like Shvil and Milov. Most of these stores are either halfway between Haifa and the bayside communities, or in the *krayot* themselves. In addition to the ads, these papers carry consumer surveys and advice from the official Israel Consumer Council and the Histadrut's Consumer Protection Authority.

For the benefit of English-speaking people, the AACI's Consumer Committee has begun carrying out weekly price surveys of its own in the Haifa area, and plans to make findings available over a telephone "hot line" manned by volunteers. It has also begun translating grocery ads from the Hebrew papers and posting this information at the AACI office at 8 Wedgwood Drive, Hadar Hacarmel.

Next Monday, December 10, the committee will hold an organizational meeting at the office at 7:30 p.m. for anyone who wishes to join its consumer effort. It is particularly interested in finding volunteers with expertise in judging the quality of textiles and other goods.

MY DAY in Haifa began at the Talpiyot Market, commonly known simply as "the shuk" in Hadar Hacarmel halfway up the mountain. Perhaps the shuk's biggest drawback is that it does not have a proper parking lot. There are a few spaces behind the market building, and some curbside parking can be found on nearby streets, but it is far from adequate. All the parking spaces appear to be precariously on slopes,

Going North



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

but perhaps the local drivers are used to this.

To a visitor, the most striking feature of the shuk is that most of it is indoors, in a huge two-storey building. This must have its advantages on rainy days, though I am told that when it rains, the prices drop at the outdoor stalls nearby. On sunny days, prices are generally lower inside.

The lower level of the shuk building is the busy one. Except for being indoors, you might just as well be at the Carmel Market in Tel Aviv or Mahane Yehuda in Jerusalem. The lavish array of tempting fruits and vegetables, the attractive prices, the chickens and meat, the bakers are all familiar. Unlike the Tel Aviv market, however, there are virtually no stalls for new clothing. There are, on the other hand, a few flea-market-type stalls with used clothing and "antiques" of varying vintage.

Shops and stalls for cleaning materials, pulses and nuts, biscuits and sweets, as well as more fruits and vegetables, line Rehov Sirkim and nearby smaller streets. There is also a Tuuva warehouse for trays of fresh eggs.

Another egg warehouse, out in Kfar Bialik near Kiryat-Bialik, is open to the public from 3 to 6 p.m.

FOR FRUITS and vegetables, the prices and quality at the Talpiyot Market are hard to match anywhere else in the district. However, some residents of the bayside communities do not feel it is worth the time, petrol and parking hassle to come into Hadar and tend to shop at local greengrocers and the various hypermarkets at the Checkpost or the Vulcan junction.

There is also an outdoor market down in the city, which is known as the Turkish Market. I'm told its prices are a bit higher and its selection smaller than at the Talpiyot Market, but it is convenient for people who work in the lower level. There is yet another open-air produce market at Tzur Shalom in the industrial zone of Kiryat Bialik, but my hosts were not very enthusiastic about this one.

Shoes at wholesale prices are found in Haifa at the workshop complex called Beit Hata'ssiya at the

lower end of Herzl Street in Hadar. Haifa women in search of elegant clothes for a special occasion - if price is not the main concern - tend to look on Nordau Street in Hadar or in neighbourhood boutiques up on the Carmel. Or they go to a dressmaker. Or they go to Tel Aviv.

In previous years, the AACI has sponsored day-long shopping trips by bus to Tel Aviv, particularly to the clothing factory showrooms near the Kol-Bo Shalom. However, there are factory-outlet stores in and around Haifa too.

THE SECOND stop on my guided tour was the Checkpost. This popular bargain-shopping spot needs no introduction to Haifa area residents. For the enlightenment of non-Haifaites, the Checkpost is located along the Haifa-Acre road, about halfway between Haifa itself and the bayside communities. Its name is a stubborn hangover from British Mandate days, when it was indeed a checkpost.

The Checkpost today is a treasure-trove of warehouse-style stores for everything from groceries to electronics, fur coats to toilet bowls. It is a sprawling complex of ugly buildings, which happened to locate here because land was cheap. You really need a car, not only to get to the Checkpost itself, but to navigate easily from place to place within it. There is bus transport to the general area, but it's a "healthy walk" from the bus-stops to the stores.

I was very impressed with the two-storey Polgat complex's clothing store called *Srigel Tsaf* which carries such well-known brands as Ouman, Beged-Or, Lady Lena, Baruch, etc. It also offers fox and rabbit fur jackets made in the Druse village of Daliat al-Carmel, at prices ranging from IS60,000 to IS165,000. More mundanely, there are full lines of everyday clothing for men, women and children.

Less impressive by far is the Ata store at the Checkpost. While there may be bargains among the merchandise, the store itself is depressingly drab and poorly arranged. Most shocking, there is a patch of sunken and broken floor tiles which should be repaired before some unwary customer breaks her neck.

Perhaps this is indicative of Atia's present woes, but it is no excuse for endangering public safety.

Super-Sol operates two giant stores at Checkpost. One is Hyper-Col, which sells groceries, pre-packaged meat and poultry, fresh produce, and household paper and cleaning supplies. The most attractive offers price-wise were the "two-for-one" specials which the Super-Sol chain has been promoting recently. Also, Hugel's disposable nappies at IS3,500 a package seemed cheaper than at almost anywhere else in the area, with the single exception at Super-Tsabar and Hyper-Tsabar in Kiryat Bialik, where they were (wait for it!) 10 shekels cheaper!

Super-Sol's sister-store is called Hyper-Col-Bo, and it sells housewares, cosmetics, toys, sporting goods, and some clothing and other textiles.

FROM THE Checkpost, we drove a bit farther north and stopped at the Vulcan junction, where there is another huge warehouse store, a Hypermarket, owned jointly by Tuuva, Zarchan Haifa, and Co-op Zevulun. It is comparable to Tuuva Hypermarkets anywhere in the country, offering a wide range of fresh produce, groceries, meat and poultry, and household supplies. For the first time in a long while, I saw Coca-Cola in "old-fashioned" returnable glass litre bottles, at IS298. A quick job with my pocket calculator showed that this made it about 40 per cent cheaper than what we now have to buy in the one-and-a-half litre plastic bottle.

Imported tampons, both Tampax and O.B. brands, cost considerably less at Hypermarket than at the Hyper-Col. On some sizes, the saving would be more than IS2,000 per box of 40. This particular item seems to have wider price differentials from store to store than almost anything on the market. Laundry detergents and disposable nappies are other big-tag items on which comparison shopping produces startling results.

We passed the "Dr. Weigert" factory where many area residents, including both my hosts, buy their laundry detergents in bulk at vastly reduced prices. "Dr. Weigert" makes laundry powders, cleaning liquids, and pesticides. The factory salesroom is open to the public from 8 a.m. to 3 p.m. Sunday through Thursday and till 1 p.m. on Fridays, and it is located on the service road parallel to the Acre-Haifa highway at a point described by locals as "opposite the I.P.C. road." The first time you buy, you may have to pay a deposit on a jerrycan or other container, and one generally buys 20 kilos or litres at a time, often shared with friends or neighbours.

On our way to the *krayot*, we also passed an outlet for Hangaper shoes and slippers, in what looked like a shed on the seashore of the highway. Prices there are usually, though not always, cheaper than in regular shops. I was told by my hosts.

OUT IN THE bayside area - it would have been impossible to visit each of the many competing bargain stores for groceries, meat and household supplies with the words "super" or "hyper" in their names. Most are private family businesses.

The exceptions are Super-Tsabar and Hyper-Tsabar in different sections of Kiryat Bialik. Both of these belong to the Histadrut-linked Co-op Zevulun, which also runs 17 regular Co-op supermarkets and smaller stores throughout the bayside area and Western Galilee all the way up to the northern border. The two

Tsabar shops offer a more limited range of goods than a regular Co-op supermarket, but the prices are considerably lower. They are comparable to the Shem-Tov and Sams chain operated in the Greater Tel Aviv area by the parallel Co-op body, Co-op Tel Aviv-Dan Hasharon.

Even many residents of the Greater Haifa area do not understand that prices may legitimately differ at Co-op supermarkets in Haifa proper and in the bayside communities. This is because there are two separate Co-op regions - Tsarhan Haifa for the city itself, and Co-op Zevulun for the *krayot* and Western Galilee. As a result of some historical gerrymandering, Tsarhan Haifa is also responsible for the Co-op stores all the way across to Tibersin and up to Kiryat Shimona. Communitywide, there are different Co-op regions each with its own buying and pricing policy.

By contrast, Super-Sol and Shekem are national chains, and prices should be consistent, or nearly so, at every branch. In Kiryat Motzkin, I finally had an opportunity to visit Shekem's giant modern store called a *ray-mol*, which is its attempt at Hebraizing what everyone else calls "hypers" or "supers." The merchandising and pricing are almost identical to other Shekem stores throughout the country. There is also a smaller, older Shekem department store in Haifa itself, as well as a separate Shekem furniture store.

Most of the big and bargain stores in Haifa, at the Checkpost, at Vulcan, and throughout the bayside area are open after the end of Shabbat. Saturday night shopping is a popular activity. Haifa is a working-man's city. I was reminded, and there are few other opportunities for husbands and wives to shop together.

WHETHER IT IS worthwhile to travel considerable distances to save money shopping is a favourite topic of discussion. I found the round trip from the top of the Carmel to the sea-level bayside bargain shops is about 25km., which would use up at least two litres of 96-octane petrol at IS346 a litre. The trip to and from the Checkpost is somewhat less. Bayside residents thinking about shopping at the Talpiyot market in Hadar must make similar calculations.

Perhaps because both my hostesses are former Americans, they are accustomed to the idea of travelling distances to shop and stocking up in quantity when prices are low. They also have a do-it-yourself spirit when goaded. At Sue Kretschman's house in Kiryat Motzkin, we had a special treat - home-baked *hallo* which she made because the Haifa area bakers have been refusing to provide the IS138 price-controlled regular *hallo*, and instead sell so-called special or improved loaves at higher prices. Various consumer bodies have been pressuring the Ministry of Industry and Trade to get the bakers back in line.

Sue and her committee are recommending that area residents look into the sources in yeast-dough baking and wholehearted baking which are to be given soon by the recently-reopened Tuuva Guidance Centre at 3 Rehov Hazaitim in Haifa. tel. 521501.

I left for home on a late-afternoon train, weary but reassured that my Haifa area readers have no lack of choice as to where to shop. If they fail to compare prices, they have only themselves to blame. In fact, when it comes to lively competition and broad opportunities, the rest of the country could learn a lot from Haifa.

MARTHA MEISELS